EX BIBLIOTHECA
Collegii St. F. Xaverii.

Sect 051
Lib H81
Vol 1-2 Cop 1
Acces 22801

~~23501 — 23551~~

SECT. B SHELF

21.75 x 14

051

W.

A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. I.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,

1872.

Printed for private circulation only.

CIRCULAR.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,
WOODSTOCK, MD.

Rev. and Dear Father,

P. C.

We would solicit Your Reverence's kind judgment upon the undertaking we have proposed to ourselves in these papers. They are the humble beginning of a plan to present our Fathers and Brothers on this side of the Atlantic, with a medium of mutual intercourse. In these pages will be reported the labors and successes of our Brethren in America, that by the example of their fruitful lives, each one of us may be made "emulous of the better gifts."

How consonant this object is with the spirit of our Rules, the Constitutions of Our Holy Father and the general practice of the Society clearly show; and Your Reverence knows how earnestly the heart is moved and strengthened to noble effort, by the recital of the good deeds of those we love.

We are members of one body: each part has its own proper function, and the whole has a sum of activity peculiar to itself. It is wise at intervals to look beyond our own immediate sphere at the onward progress of the whole system, that we may perform our individual evolutions with more telling effect. In this manner only, the varied resources of vast organizations are moved along in exquisite harmony of interests and aims.

And this inter-communion of our moral forces, of labor and sacrifice, of reciprocal encouragement and holy emulation is now the more to be wished among us as the circle of

their action is every day widening. The Society indeed under the blessing of God has grown apace in our land and the time seems ripe for the development of a new and vigorous life. But rightly to foster this fair promise, it should be in our power to strike a chord that will vibrate to kindred sympathies and thus appeal with effect to the zeal that should mark our sacred calling. It will be our very humble yet grateful task to make the publication we present to Your Reverence, the desired channel of communication and in this sense, we respectfully place it at your service.

That the house at Woodstock has no claim to originality in this matter, we all the more gladly allow, as we may turn to the *Laval Letters*, and the *Letters and Notices* of the English Province, not to mention many others, for countenance, example and suggestions in the manner of conducting our periodical. The English publication in particular greets us on its title-page with a sentiment of Our Holy Father whose approbation is as sacred to us as law : "Magnopere juverit alios de aliis certiores fieri, ac audire quæ ex variis locis ad ædificationem et eorum quæ geruntur cognitionem afferuntur."

The Saint would seem to imply that we should know not only what a Jesuit ought to be, but what he is. The lives of his children were to be modelled not only upon the Institute, the Exercises and interior law of love which the Holy Spirit imprints upon our souls, but were to draw vigor also from example in the living present. And as past records kindle the memory into life by recalling what is glorious in the years gone before us, so, too, accounts of what is moving forward in the actual current of events, are highly calculated to thrill the heart with prompt and active sympathy.

The materials for the publication depend upon the charity of our Fathers and Brothers, who from their various stations can contribute wherewith to edify and instruct. While thus communicating an account of their doings to friends with whom they would ordinarily correspond, they will at the same time, and by the same means, confer a favor upon all.

The topics we suggest are the success of missions, remarkable events with regard to colleges and houses, notices of the edifying death of our brethren, etc. Just as new foundations and establishments are matters of great interest, so the early rise and progress of houses and provinces that are already in existence, or old documents which have a bearing the same way, and may not otherwise meet with publicity, are quite to the point.

A current paging is adopted, so that the numbers may be bound together at the end of each year. The frequency of the issues is evidently a matter much depending upon the good will of those who have it in their power to send materials. The earlier these are received at Woodstock the better; and if already in condition for the printers (the writing being on one side of their letter-sheets) we could desire nothing more.

At the same time, as we cordially desire to consult as far as possible the convenience of our contributors, we will add in conclusion that the language or arrangement in which their communications are sent will be no bar to their acceptance. The translation and reduction to form, in such cases we take upon ourselves.

Under your Reverence's approval we offer you these first fruits of a labor of love, entrusting its development and success to your encouragement and the kind interest of all our Brethren.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. I., No. 2.

FATHER WHITE'S RELATION.

[*Continued.*]

On Sunday the 24th and Monday the 25th of November, we enjoyed prosperous sailing. At that time, the wind veering towards the north, there arose so great a storm that the London merchantship of which I spoke, retracing its course, steered for England, and a port celebrated among the Paumonians, Our pinnace, too, for it was only of forty tons burden, began to be distrustful of its strength, and heaving to, cautioned us, that in case it feared shipwreck, it would signal us by lights shown from the masthead.

For ourselves, we were carried in the meantime, in a strong ship of four hundred tons burden, as good as could be framed of wood and iron. We had a most skilful Cap-

Die igitur Dominica, 24ta, et die Lunae, 25ta, Novembris, usque ad vesperam prospera usi sumus navigatione. Tum vero ventis in Aquilonem obversis, tanta exorta est tempestas ut oneraria quam dixi Londinensis, retroacto cursu, Angliam et portum apud Paumonios celebrem repetierit. Celox etiam nostra vasorum tantum 40 cum esset, viribus coepit diffidere et adnavigans monuit se si naufragium metueret id luminibus e carchesio ostensis significaturam. Vehebamur interim nos valida navi vasorum quadrigentorum, neque aptior ex ligno et ferro construi poterat. Navarcho utebamur peritissimo; data est illi itaque optio

tain. He had the choice either of returning to England or of struggling with that sea, which, should it prove victorious, would dash us upon the Irish coast, hard by,—notorious for its breakers and very frequent shipwrecks. The daring spirit of the Captain, and a wish to test the strength of the new vessel, on its maiden voyage, gained the day. He concluded, then, to try the sea, which he admitted was the more dangerous, owing to its narrowness.

The danger, indeed, was not far distant; for, about midnight, during the prevalence of high winds and very rough seas, we descried the pinnace in the distance, with two lights hanging out from her masthead. Then, indeed, we thought there was an end of the pinnace, and that she had gone down in the deep whirlpools, for in a moment more she had escaped our sight, and not until six or seven weeks afterwards did we get any sign of her. So, we were all persuaded that the pinnace had perished. However, God had provided better things for us; for, perceiving herself unequal to the waves, and avoiding in time the Virginia ocean by which we were now tossed, she returned to England and the Scilly isles. Sailing thence on her return voyage, along with the Dragon, whose company she had as far as the

redeundi si vellet in Angliam, vel cum ventis porro colluctandi, quibus si cederet expectabat nos e proximo litus Hibernicum caecis scopulis, et frequentissimis naufragiis infame. Vicit tamen navarchi audax animus et desiderium probandi quae vires essent novae, quam tum primum tractabat, navi. Sedit animo experiri mare quod eo fatebatur esse periculosius quo angustius. Neque periculum longe aberat; ventis enim turgentibus, et mari exasperato circa mediam noctem videre erat celocem procul duo lumina a carchesio protendentem. Tum scilicet actum de illa esse, et altis haustam vorticibus existimabamus, momento enim conspectum effugerat, neque nisi post sex septimanas ejus indicium aliquod ad nos emanavit. Itaque periisse celocem cunctis erat persuasum: meliora tamen providerat Deus; nam se fluctibus imparem sentiens mature Oceanum Virginium cum quo jam nos luctabamus devitans, in Angliam ad insulas Sillinas revertit, unde postliminio Dracone comite ad Sinum Magnum, nos ad Insulas Antillas, ut dicemus, est assecuta, Deo cui minimorum cura est, exiguae naviculae de duce et custode prospiciente.

Great Bay, she came up with us, as we will tell, at the Antilles, God who has care of the smallest things, providing a guide and guardian for our little boat.

Meanwhile, the ship's crew, ignorant of what had befallen her, fell a prey to the keenest alarm and dread, which the frequent terrors of a dismal night served to augment. At dawn of day, although we had the southwest wind against us, still, since it was comparatively light, we were enabled to make some headway by frequent tacking.

In like manner during Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the winds being variable, we made little progress. On Friday, under the influence of an easterly gale, which drove the gray clouds together in threatening masses, such a storm of wind burst upon us, towards dusk, as threatened at every moment, to engulf us in the waves. Nor did the following morning, which was the festival of St. Andrew, the Apostle, promise any abatement. The clouds, massing together from every quarter in a frightful manner, before they were rent asunder by the lightnings, were a terror to those that beheld them; and the opinion prevailed that all the spirits of storms and all the malignant and evil *genii* of Maryland had come forth in battle array against us. As the day declined, the Captain perceived a sunfish making in the direction opposite the sun's course, which is the most

At vero nos eventus ignaros dolor et metus premebat, quem tetra nox frequentibus foeta terroribus augebat. Illucescente die, cum Africum haberemus contrarium, quia tamen languidior erat, per multas ambages lente provehebamur. Ita Martis, Mercurii et Jovis dies variantibus ventis exiguo profectu abiere. Die Veneris obtinente Euro et glaucas cogente nubes vento gravidas, tantus circa vesperam se turbo effudit ut momentis singulis involvendi fluctibus videremur. Neque mitiora promittebat lux insequens Andreae Apostolo sacra. Nubes terrificum in morem undique excrescentes terrori erant intuentibus antequam discinderentur; et opinionem faciebant prodiisse adversum nos in aciem omnes spiritus tempestatum maleficos et malos genios omnes Marylandiae. Inclinante die vidit navarchus piscem solis cursui solari obnitentem, quod horridae tempestatis certissimum indicium. Neque fides abfuit augurio:

certain indication of a horrid storm. The presage proved not untrue; for about ten o'clock at night, a black cloud rained down upon us in fearful wise. This was accompanied by a gale so dreadful, that it was necessary to take in sail with all speed; nor could that be done with sufficient expedition, before the mainsail, under which alone we were running, was rent in twain from top to bottom. One part of it was carried into the sea, and afterwards recovered with difficulty. In this juncture, the courage of the bravest, whether passengers or sailors, began to flag; for they confessed that they had seen the best ships go down in a lighter storm.

But the tempest enkindled the prayers and vows of the Catholics in honor of the most Blessed Virgin Mother, and her Immaculate Conception, of St. Ignatius, the patron of Maryland, St. Michael, and all the tutelar angels of the place. And each one strove, by holy confession, to purge his soul: for after having lost the guidance of our helm, the ship was tossed about at the mercy of winds and waves, till such time (a thing you may learn out at sea) as God should open a way of safety. In the beginning, I confess, fear for the loss of the ship and of my own life had taken hold of

nam circa decimam nocturnam caeca nubes atrocem depluit imbrem. Hunc tam immanis turbo suscepit ut necesse fuerit quantocius ad vela contrahenda accurrere; neque id fieri tam expedite potuit, quam acatium seu velum majus, quo solo navigabamus, medium a summo deorsum finderetur. Ejus pars una in mare delata aegre recepta est.

Hic fortissimi cujusque sive vectoris, sive nautae est consternatus animus; fatebantur enim vidisse se celsas naves minori procella praecipitatas. Accendit vero is turbo Catholicorum preces et vota in honorem Beatae Virginis Matris et Immaculatae ejusdem Conceptionis, Sancti Ignatii, Patroni Marylandiae, Sancti Michaelis et tutelarium ibidem Angelorum. Et quisque animum suum sacra exomologesi expiare contendebat. Nam clavi moderamine amisso, navigium jam undis et ventis derelictum fluctuabat, ut in aqua discat, dum Deus saluti viam aperiret. Initio, fateor, occupaverat me metus amittendae navis et vitae; postea vero quam tempus aliquod orationi, minus pro more meo quotidiano

me, but after I had spent some time in prayer, less after my daily lukewarm manner, and had declared to Christ, our Lord, the most Blessed Virgin, St. Ignatius, and the Angels of Maryland, the purpose of this voyage, to wit, to honor the blood of the Redeemer in the salvation of barbarians, to the same Saviour to build a kingdom, if he would deign to prosper my humble endeavors, and to consecrate a new dower to the Immaculate Virgin Mother, and many other like purposes, there gladdened my soul within no small degree of comfort, and so happy an assurance did I feel that we would weather not only this, but any future storm that no shade of doubt was left in my mind.

When the sea was raging most violently, I had given myself to prayer, and, let it redound to the glory of God alone! while as yet I had scarcely ended, I perceived the tempest to be abating. That circumstance in truth, girded my soul with new strength and, at the same time filled me with joy and wonder, since in it I recognized with greater clearness the exceeding benevolence of God towards the people of Maryland, to whom your Reverence has sent us. Blessed forever be the most sweet goodness of our Redeemer!

When the sea was become calm again, the rest of the voyage, which lasted for the space of three months, was most

tepide, impendissem, atque Christo Domino, Beatae Virgini, St. Ignatio et Angelis Marylandiae exposuissem propositum hujus itineris esse sanguinem Redemptoris nostri in salute Barbarorum honorare, eidem Servatori regnum (si conatus tenues secundare dignetur) erigere, dotem alteram Immaculatae Virgini Matri consecrare, et similia multa, affulsit intus in animo consolatio non mediocris, et simul persuasio tam certa nos non ab hac procella tantum, sed ab omni alia itinere isto liberandos, ut nullus apud me esse posset dubitandi locus. Dederam me orationi cum mare saeviret, maxime (et quod ad Dei unius gloriam cedat) vix dum eam finieram, cum sedisse animadvertebam tempestatem. Id scilicet novo quodam me induit habitu animi, perfuditque simul gaudio ingenti et admiratione cum impensam Dei in Marylandiae populos voluntatem (ad quos Ra. Va. nos misit) haud paulo amplius persentirem. Dulcissima Redemptoris nostri bonitas in aeternum laudetur!

Cum ita deferbuisset jam mare, reliqua trium mensium navigatio pla-

prosperous, so that the Captain and his men declared that they had never seen one more tranquil; nor, for a single hour, did we suffer any inconvenience. When I say three months, however, I do not mean that we were at sea so long a time, but I take into the account the whole voyage and our delay at the Antilles; for the voyage itself lasted only seven weeks and two days, which is considered expeditious. After that time, while we were coasting along the shores of Spain, we had a wind neither adverse, nor yet favorable; we were in dread of Turkish corsairs, but we fell in with none. Perhaps they had gone to celebrate their annual fast, which they call Ramadan, for it occurred at that time of the year. After passing the pillars of Hercules and the Madeiras, we were scudding, under full sail, before the winds (which are not variable here, but set constantly towards the south and southwest, which was our course,) when there appeared three vessels, one of which was larger in bulk than ours. They seemed to be about three leagues distant to the west, and to be endeavoring to come up with us, as also to be sending messages backward and forward, in close conference. As we suspected them to be

cidissima fuit, ut navarchus cum suis jucundiorem se vidisse numquam, aut quietiorem asseveraverit; neque enim unius horae passi sumus incommodum. Cum vero tres menses nomino, non dico nos tamdiu mare insedisse, sed iter integrum et moras quas in Antillis insulis traximus adnumero. Navigatio enim ipsa septem hebdomadas et duos tantummodo dies tenuit, idque censetur expeditum.

Ab eo igitur tempore quanto litus Hispaniae legebamus, neque adverso, neque vento admodum prospero usi sumus: verebamur Turcas, nullos tamen habuimus obvios; receperant se fortasse ad solemne jejunium, quod Ramadan vocant, celebrandum, in illam enim anni tempestatem incidebat. Praetervectis autem fretum Herculeum et Maderas, et ventis puppi vela implentibus (qui non jam vagi, sed ad Austrum et Africum qui noster erat cursus, constanter sedent) apparuerunt tres naves, quarum una nostram mole superabat; distare autem videbantur ad tres circiter leucas versus occidentem, et nobis obviam conari, interdum etiam ad invicem ultro citroque mittere et percontari. Cum suspicaremur esse Tur-

Turkish pirates, we made ready for action. Some of our men even went so far as imprudently to urge the Captain to give chase, and close with them. But as he himself was responsible to my Lord Baron, he doubted whether in such a case he could have had a probable reason to assign for his conduct. And, indeed, I judge the engagement would have been a hazardous one, though perhaps, they were as much afraid of us as we were of them, and were, as I conjecture, merchantmen, bound for the Canaries, not far distant, and either could not overtake us or were unwilling to do so.

After this, having arrived at the Canaries, we glided into a spacious bay, where we had nothing to fear except from calms, by reason of which (since they continue fifteen days, and sometimes even three weeks) the ship's provisions give out. But that happens rarely, scarcely once or twice in a life-time. Nevertheless, delays are frequently protracted for want of wind, which, as it blows ever in the same direction, chanced to be propitious to our voyage. In this bay we completed a run of over three thousand Italian miles, cutting the milk-white sea with full sails, the calm never de-

carum Pyraticas, expediebamus quaecumque ad pugnam erant necessaria. Neque deerant ex nostris qui navarchum imprudentius stimularent ut eas ultro aggrederetur ac lacesseret. Sed dominum habebat, cui cum reddenda erat ratio, probabilem se posse pugnae causam afferre dubitabat. Et quidem conflictum difficilem habiturum fuisse existimo; quamquam fortasse quantum ab illis nos, tantum nos illi metuebant, et erant, ut conjectura assequor, mercatores qui ad Fortunatas non procul dissitas tendebant, et vel non poterant nos assequi vel nolebant.

Hinc ad Insulas Fortunatas delati, sinu magno suscepti fuimus, in quo nullus metus nisi ex malaciis, quae cum quindecim diebus et tribus aliquando septimanis perdurent, deficit navigantes commeatus. Id vero raro, et vix saeculo uno semel aut iterum accidit. Frequentissimae nihilominus trahendae sunt morae, deficiente vento, qui cum spirat, unus et idem semper est, huic nostrae navigationi propitius. In hoc sinu confecimus milliarium Italicorum tria millia, plenis velis mare secantes lacteum, nusquam impediente malacia nisi quandoque circa meridiem una hora.

laying us except for an hour about noontide. I do not readily perceive the reason of so constant a wind, unless, perchance, one may say it arises from the proximity of the sun running between the tropics, and attracting from the sea two kinds of exhalations, one dry, from the sea-salt; the other moist, from the water. The first of these phenomena is the cause of wind, the second, of rain. Thus, the twofold attraction of the sun would aptly show why these natural agencies keep the sun's oblique track, and follow in its wake. This reason may explain also, why we experienced between the two tropics at the same time, and within regular intervals, at morning, noon, and nightfall, both great heat and copious rains; or at least may account for the high winds that prevailed during these hours. From the same source we may draw the reason of the absence of calms in the gulf during this season; for the sun being in the tropic of Capricorn, beyond the equinoctial line, and declining towards its extreme southern limit, (as was the case while we were between the 13th and 17th degree, when the heats are as fierce there in our winter months as they are in the summer months in Europe) it attracts the wind and rain in an oblique direction towards the line, and in

Haud facilem invenio rationem tam constantis venti, nisi forte id oriri quis dixerit ex vicinia Solis inter duos Tropicos intercurrentis, et vi sua attrahentis ex mari duo genera meteorum, siccum unum ex marin salsedine, alterum humidum ratione aquae; ex priori fit ventus, ex posteriori generantur pluviae. Sol itaque utrumque ad se evehens causa est, cur eumdem cum Sole obliquum semper cursum servent, Solemque perpetuo sequantur. Atque eadem potuit esse ratio cur inter duos Tropicos experti sumus ingentem simul calorem et copiosam pluviam, idque constanter mane, meridie, vespere, vel saltem ventos iis horis vehementiores. Hinc etiam deduci ratio potest cur hoc tempore sinus a malaciis liber fuerit. Nam Sol in Tropico Capricorni existens, ultra lineam æquinoctialem, et ad ejusdem lineae extremam partem meridionalem declinans (ut nobis accidit inter 13m. et 17m. gradum Æquatoris positis, quando mensibus nostris hibernis calores sunt ibi, quanti aestivis mensibus in Europa) attrahit oblique ventum et pluviam ad lineam aequinoctialem, atque in-

consequence, during these months, the winds are more steady, in this gulf especially, and towards the tropic of Cancer. In the summer season, on the other hand, when the sun is crossing the equator towards us, and attracts the salt and aqueous vapors, not obliquely, but almost perpendicularly, then, calms are of more frequent occurrence.

Here I cannot refrain from extolling the divine goodness which causes all things to work together for good unto them that love God. For, had we been permitted to weigh anchor without delay on the 20th of August, the day we had determined upon, as the sun at that time struck the vertical on this side of the equator, the very intense heat would not only have caused the loss of our provisions, but brought disease and death to almost all of us. The delay eventuated in our safety; for, embarking in winter, we were free from inconveniences of this kind, and, if you except the usual sea-sickness, no one was attacked with any disease up to the festival of the Nativity of our Lord. That this day might be more joyfully celebrated, the wine flowed freely, and some who drank immoderately, about thirty in number, were seized with a fever the next day, and twelve of their

de iis mensibus venti sunt certiores, et in hoc sinu praesertim, et versus Tropicum Cancri. Frequentiores autem sunt malaciae cum aestivo tempore Sol Æquatorem transit ad nos, attrahitque meteora salsa et aquea non oblique, sed fere perpendiculariter.

Hic autem non possum non extollere divinam bonitatem, quae diligentibus Deum facit ut omnia cooperentur in bonum. Si enim, nulla injecta mora, licuisset eo tempore solvere quo constitueramus, mensis scilicet Augusti vigesimo, Solem cis Æquatorem verticem feriente, intensissimi calores non solum annonae labem, sed plerisque omnibus morbos, mortemque attulissent. Mora saluti fuit, nam hieme conscendentes hujusmodi incommodis caruimus; et si consuetas navigantibus nauseas excipias, nemo morbo aliquo tentatus est usque ad festum Nativitatis Domini. Is dies ut celebrior esset propinatum est vinum, quo qui usi sunt intemperantius febri correpti sunt proxima luce numero triginta; et ex iis non ita multo post mortui sunt circiter duodecim, inter quos duo

number not long after, died. Among these were two Catholics, Nicholas Fairfax and James Barefoot, who were much regretted by us all.

Catholici magnum sui apud omnes desiderium reliquerunt Nicolaus Farfaxius et Jacobus Barefote.

[*To be continued.*]

THE CONDITION OF THE PROVINCE OF MEXICO AT ITS EXPULSION: JUNE 25, 1767.

The Rev. Father Andrew Artola, Provincial of the Society in Mexico, has lately published a complete Catalogue of the members that constituted, at the time of their expulsion, the Province of the Society in Mexico, or, as it was then called, New Spain. It gives in detail the number of individuals, their age, place of nativity, grade and occupations, as well as the colleges, houses, residences and missions, through which they were distributed. We believe it will be of no little interest to our readers to glance rapidly at what the Society was scarcely a century ago in regions of America where now, unfortunately, she is hardly known.

In 1571, Philip II., King of Spain, requested St. Francis Borgia, then general of the Society, to appoint some fathers to come over to New Spain, where they might exercise the ministry of their vocation as they had done in Peru, Florida and other parts of Spanish America. The saintly general acceded to the request, and in the ensuing year there arrived at San Juan de Ulua fifteen members having for Supe-

rior, F. Pedro Sanchez, of the Province of Castile, a distinguished doctor of Salamanca, and at the time of his nomination to the new mission, professor of theology at the college of the Society in that city.

During the space of two centuries the Society labored with abundant fruit in the Mexican country, until in 1767, by a decree of Charles III., all the Jesuits then in the Spanish realms were condemned to banishment and conducted to Italy. Father Raphael de Zelis, who was a native of Vera Cruz, but at the date of the expulsion was studying rhetoric in the college and novitiate of Tepotzotlan, took care to preserve the memory of his companions in exile by writing in 1786 the greater part of the catalogue now before us. After the demise of F. Zelis, which took place at Bologna, July 25th, 1795, the list of the departed members was continued by F. Pedro Marquez, whom the decree of banishment reached at the opening of his first year of theology in the Collegium Maximum of the city of Mexico.

From this catalogue we learn that on the 25th of June, 1767, the day on which the royal decree was made known to the Jesuits in every house of the province, the Society in Mexico, or New Spain, counted 678 members. Of these, 280 were professed of four vows, 2 of three vows, 18 were spir. coadjutors, 78 were formed temporal coadjutors, 34 were temporal coadjutors not yet formed. There were besides, 112 scholastics, and 118 fathers who were still studying, or who, having finished their studies, had not attained their grade; 65 of these made the profession of four vows, and 4 of three vows, when in banishment. There were 25 scholastic novices, and 11 novice brothers.

It may surprise some that in a province so numerous the proportion of scholastics was so small. But we must bear in mind that in those times the Society could, and usually did, require of its candidates the completion of their philosophical studies before entering the novitiate. This fact explains also why there were but fifteen students of philosophy to forty-seven of theology.

Of the 678 subjects in the province, 464 were natives of America, 153 of Spain, and 61 of various other parts of Europe. They were distributed among 37 colleges, 5 residences and 6 missionary districts or departments. The subjoined table will show their position and numbers.

HOUSES OF THE SOCIETY.	Priests.	Schol	Bros.
IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.			
The professed house, in which resided the Provincial,	22	—	13
The Collegium Maximum,	31	45	16
The College of St. Andrew,	14	—	14
The College of St. Gregory,	10	—	13
The College of St Ildefonsus,	5	2	14
IN THE CITY OF LA PUEBLA.			
The house of the Tertians and the College of the Holy Spirit,	41	3	17
The College of St. Ildefonsus,	18	15	7
The College of St Francis Xavier,	11	—	3
Two diocesan Seminaries—St. Jerome and St. Ignatius. The former was a higher, the latter a preparatory seminary, with grammar schools for the Indians.	3	1	—
IN THE TOWN OF TEPOTZOTLAN.			
A Seminary for the Indians, and a College attached to the Novitiate,	11	49	17
IN GUADALAJARA.			
A Seminary and a College,	7	2	3
IN GUATEMALA.			
A Seminary and a College,	11	—	3
IN QUERETARO.			
A Seminary and a College,	13	2	3
IN ZACATECAS.			
A Seminary and a College,		1	5
IN DURANGO.			
A Seminary and a College,	7	—	3

HOUSES OF THE SOCIETY.	Priests.	Schols.	Bros.
IN PATZCUARO.			
A Seminary and a College, ...	6	1	1
IN MERIDA.			
A Seminary and a College, ...	7	—	1
In Valladolid.—A College, ...	13	2	2
In Havana.—A College, ...	13	1	2
In Oajaca.—A College, ...	8	1	2
In Leon.—A College, ...	5	1	1
In Guanajuato.—A College, ...	8	1	1
In San Luis de Potosi.—A College, . .	6	1	2
In Vera Cruz.—A College, ...	9	2	2
In Zelaya.—A College, ...	7	1	2
In Ciudad Real, or Chiapas.—A College, .	5	—	1
In San Luis de la Paz.—A College, . .	7	—	—
In Puerto del Principe.—A Residence, .	4	—	1
In Chiguagua.—A Residence, . . .	3	—	—
In Parral.—A Residence, ...	2	—	—
In Campeche.—A Residence, . . .	2	—	—
In Cinaloa.—A College, ...	Unknown.		

The missionary districts, or departments—six in number—comprised 99 missions, established in various towns and villages, attended by 104 fathers and one coadjutor brother. Their distribution is here given.

The district of Cinaloa, attended by 21 fathers, was divided into 20 missions. They were:—The missions of Viribis, Caamoa, Mocorito, Nio, Guazave, Chicorato, Mochicave, Vacca, Toro, Torin, Bachun, Rahun, Santa Cruz, Batacosa, Conicari, Nabojoa, Tehueco, Belen, Ocoroni, and Bacubinito.

The district of California, attended by 12 fathers and 1 brother, comprised 14 missions. They were:—La Pasion, S. Xavier, Guadalupe, S. Luis, Santa Rosa, Santiago, S. Jose, La Purisima, Sta. Rosalia, San Ignacio, Sta. Gertrudis, San Borja, Sta. Maria and Loreto.

The district of Chinipas had 12 fathers for its 12 missions: viz.—de Guasarapes, Sta. Ana, Secora, Moris, Babaroco, Sta. Ines, Serocagui, Tubares, Satebo, Baburigame, Nabogame, and S. Andres.

The district of Nazareth included 7 missions attended by 6 fathers: viz.—Sta. Rita, Sta. Teresa, Iscatan, Jesus Maria, La Trinidad, Guainamota, and Rosario.

The district of Sonora included 28 missions in which 30 fathers labored: viz.—de Guazavas, Aconche, Matape, Oposura, Movas, S. Ignacio, Aripe, Aribechi, Batuco, Onavas, Cucurupe, Cumuripa, Saguaripa, Sta. Maria Soanca, Tubutama, Odope, S. Xavier del Bac, Saric, Tecoripa, Ures, Caborca, Sta. Maria Basaraca, Babispe, Baca de Guachi, Cuquiarachi, Guebabi, Onapa, and Banamichi.

The district of Taraumara contained 16 missions with 19 fathers to attend them. They were:—de Matachio, Temotzachic, S. Tomas, Papigochic, Tutuaca, Tomachi, Sisoguichi, Kakichi, San Borja, Coyeachic, Temeaichi, Norogachi, Nonoava, Chinarras, Gueguechic, Nararachi.

The administration of these extensive missions was conducted as follows:—All the missionaries were under a Visitor General. This officer was at the time of the expulsion, F. Emanuel Aguirre, residing in Baca de Guachi, of the district of Sonora.

The members of each district were, moreover, under an immediate Superior who held the title and authority of Rector. These were:—

In the district of Cinaloa, F. Joseph Garfias, of the college of Cinaloa. In Chinipas, F. Manuel Clever, of the mission of St. Anne. In Nazareth, F. Anthony Polo of the mission of St. Rita. In Sonora, F. John Nentvig, of the mission of Guazavas. In Taraumara, F. Bartholomew Braun, of the mission of Temotzachic. In the district of California, on account of its broad extent, there were two, —F. Lambert Hostel, of the mission of the Passion, and F. Francis Escalante, of the mission of St. Rosalia.

But as the missionaries were isolated from each other, and resided in localities many leagues apart, there was in each district, a special officer whose duty it was to visit constantly the various missions. They were the following;—

In California, F. Bruno Ducrue, of the mission of Guadalupe. In Chinipas, F. John Cubedu, of the mission of St. Agnes. In Nazareth, F. Bartholomew Wolff, of the mission of St. Theresa. In Sonora, F. Emanuel Aguirre, of the mission of Baca de Guachi. In Taraumara, F. Philip Ruoanova, of the mission of Matachio

Finally, at the college of St Andrew in the city of Mexico, a father procurator for California, and another for the remaining missions, resided with the procurator general.

The distribution of labor among the members was as follows:

There were 418 priests, 137 scholastics, 133 coadjutor brothers. Of the priests, 53 were superiors, 104 were missionaries among the Indians, 187 labored in the ministry in the localities to which they were appointed. Of these last, 12 were chaplains of prisons, 16 prefects of Christian doctrine, and 11 went from place to place giving missions to the people. There were, moreover, 3 professors of sacred scripture, 19 of scholastic theology, 10 of moral, 3 of canon law, 15 of philosophy, 3 of physics, 8 of humanities, 7 of Mexican languages; 6 were incapacitated by reason of age or infirmities.

Of the scholastics, 47 were students of theology, 15 of philosophy, 27 of rhetoric, 19 were professors of the humanities, 25 were novices, 4 invalids.

Such was the condition of the Mexican province on the day when the decree of banishment was promulgated, The execution of the decree was conducted in the following order;

From the 26th of July until the 29th of Nov., 515 Jesuits were shipped in 15 vessels from the port of Vera Cruz and sent to Italy, thus:

On the 26th of July, 55 were sent;—on the 25th of Oct., there were sent in various vessels respectively 50, 50, 40, 35, 30, 30, 10; – on the 8th of Nov., 30;—19th of Nov.,

40, 15, 20;—29th ditto, 60, 50;—12 scholastic novices and 6 novice coadjutors followed the fathers into exile.

In consequence of the evils arising from close crowding, from the failure of resources and the insalubrity of the climate, 35 died in the port of Vera Cruz whilst awaiting transportation; 5 died at Havana where the vessels touched port; 2 during the voyage, and 13 at Cadiz.

In the course of the same months, F. Joseph Elvillar, the oldest of the province, as also two members, who, owing to age or infirmities were left in the city of Mexico, and one left in Queretaro, passed to a better world.

In exile the members of the Mexican province took up their abode in the legations of Bologna and Ferrara; and even after the suppression of the Society in 1773, the greater part of the Mexican Jesuits remained in the same cities, where this last blow overtook them, and there one by one paid the last debt of our nature.

FORT HILL AND ENVIRONS.

About three hundred years ago, when all the nations of Europe were fitting out expeditions in quest of a new passage to the East Indies, and not unfrequently discovering new continents in their search, the Indian tribe of *Matinekocks** was enjoying the peaceful possession of a considerable tract of land on the island, called by them *Meitowax;* but later, named Nassau Island by the English colonists, and Long Island by the Dutch. Among their picturesque places of resort was a small peninsula, jutting out into Long Island Sound, and known among them as *Caumsett.* There was nothing perhaps in the little spot to distinguish it from numberless similar places around it; but still its native beauties, no limning of language can adequately portray. Here were the same sombre forests with their melancholy grandeur; the same giant productions of a fertile soil, rising like huge monsters from the rich earth, while luxuriant vines which had clambered up to the highest tops, and thence sprung from tree to tree, hung down in verdant garlands of waving drapery. Here, as elsewhere, reigned the deep silence of nature, broken only by the gentle sighings of the trees as they swayed to and fro over the bank to catch a glimpse of their leafy beauties in the unruffled sea beneath them, "where Neptune held a mirror to their charms;" or by the immense flocks of water-fowl,

*Some historians spell the name of this tribe *Matinecocks*, but we have adopted the other spelling, as, we think, more consistent with the Indian idiom. *Martinnehouck* was the name of one of their villages.

as they returned to their secluded retreats and settled down with a noisy splash in the adjacent bay. Occasionally also, a small canoe would dart from under cover of the bank, and speed across the sound, dimpling the surface of the blue waters; or a noble deer, pursued by the swift-footed Indian, would spring boldly from the height, and be seen for a time with its branching antlers raised above the deep; while the pursuer, checking himself suddenly on the very verge of the beetling cliff, would gaze in astonishment on the prey that had eluded his grasp.

We can picture to ourselves one of these powerful inhabitants of his native forests, as stately and as wild as they, standing bedizened with gaudy plumage on the eminence of *Caumsett*, some hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and looking about him on the noble landscape, where nature so fair had spread her features wild. Towards the setting sun, he perceives the bay commonly called by the *Indyans by ye name of Nachaquatuck*,* and by the English, Cold Spring, which enters inland, almost at right angles to the Sound. Straight across this bay, another opening presents itself; it is *Syosset* or Oyster Bay, which after winding about, as a river, loth to forsake shores so enchanting, returns on its course, making what was once an island, but what is now connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of alluvial formation. In the direction of the Sound itself, the dim outlines and blue hills of Connecticut add the beauty of a distant perspective to the scene. Could his piercing glance have penetrated the gloom of the wooded heights that lay to the east of *Caumsett*, he would have beheld the shaggy groves and headlands of Huntington, mirrored in the spacious harbor of the same name; and, were he ignorant of the narrow neck, uniting the land on which

---

* Patent of Gov. Nicolls. Hist. of Long Island, Vol. I. Thompson.

he stood with the main, he would have imagined himself on an island.

Such was the small Indian hamlet of *Caumsett*, our future villa; one of those countless little Edens that gemmed our shores, at a time when the trembling carpet of light and shade that nature had spread over the trackless forest was printed by scarce a single human footstep; when the midnight arch with "golden worlds inlaid" that spanned our continent from sea to sea, rested on a land, where all God's creatures were in their glory, save man alone; and where the voice of nature hymned its song of praise to the great Creator unheard by mortal ears.

But it was not always to be so. Early in the 17th century, the Dutch took possession of the island of Manhattan, which Hendrick Hudson had fallen upon in his search for a north-west passage to China and India; and having erected New Amsterdam, they spread gradually throughout the surrounding country, and crossed the East River to Long Island. Here they purchased land from *Penawitz*, the then great Sachem, and built several forts. The English too had settled, about the same time, in New England, and their relations with their Dutch neighbors were not always of a very friendly nature. They were much tempted to cross over from Connecticut, a distance of no more than ten miles, to the attractive shores of Long Island, which as we read in the remonstrances of the Deputies of the New Netherlands, "they hankered after greatly." * These propensities of their neighbors embittered the days of all the Dutch directors of New Amsterdam. While the kingdoms of Europe were passing from sovereign to sovereign, and empires being

---

* Remonstrance of New Netherlands to the High and Mighty Lords States General of the United Netherlands, by the people of New Netherland, July 28, 1649. Col. Doc. of N. Y. State., Vol. I. Holland Doc. IV.

bought in a day, the Dutch fought with characteristic stubbornness for every foot of land usurped by the English. Proclamations succeeded each other in quick succession. Time and again were the loyal Dutch burgomasters forced to behold the arms of their High Mightinesses, which had been set up in numerous places, as a sign of possession, torn down, "and a fool's face carved in the place thereof, to the gross disparagement of their High Mightinesses".* The details we have been able to cull of these harrowing scenes, during the reign of Walter Van Twiller, the first director commissioned by the High and Mighty Lords States General of the United Netherlands, though fraught with deep interest, are not connected with our present subject, and must, therefore, be banished without appeal. But no sooner had William Kieft, known in History as the *Testy*, assumed the reins of government than the English singled out the very bay, adjoining *Caumsett*, to which we alluded under the title of "Oyster", as the scene of a great invasion.

Director Kieft, says the historian of N. Y., had determined to raise the sinking finances of the New Netherlands by making the seawant or wampum, which served as a kind of money among the Indians, and consisted of colored beads manufactured from the *Quahaug*, a kind of shell-fish,† the current money of the nation. Now, Long Island, proceeds the historian, was the Ophir of this modern Solomon and abounded in shell-fish. The English hearing of this intended stroke of policy, unparalleled even among modern financiers, determined on the bold policy of establishing a gigantic mint at *Syosset* or Oyster Bay, where, after disposing of the oyster so agreeably, they could lay out the shell too, to such advantage.

But Kieft was roused; he had tried entreaty, and that

---

* Doc. of Col. Hist. of N. Y. State, II.

† New York Historical Society, Rec. of 1659.

had failed; he had tried proclamations, and they had failed; he had changed the language of his mandates, and published protests in latin.* and they had completely failed. He had done all that the most exact moralist could require, before resorting to open violence, and now felt himself justified in hurling on his enemies the direful thunderbolts of war. He entrusted these weapons of destruction to the valiant Stoffel Brinckerhoff, who lost no time in girding on his armor, and with a handful of sturdy retainers, reached the scene of action by forced marches, completely routed the invaders, drove them from Oyster Bay and seized on quantities of falsely coined oyster-shells.†

This severe lesson was not enough for the English; their short occupation of the tempting prize only increased their eagerness to call it their own, and under the following director, the famous Peter Stuyvesant, known in history as "the headstrong," they again maintained that Oyster Bay belonged of right to them, as the boundary of their possessions on Long Island. The war of the boundaries continued to agitate the two colonies for years, and it was only in 1656 that their High Mightinesses settled the question by drawing an imaginary line from the western portion of Oyster Bay to the sea, and deciding that all lands, lying to the West should be Dutch, and those to the East, English. How it was that the New Netherlands had been induced to give up so many pretensions, is not very evident from history. All we know is that the English invited the headstrong Peter to a convention at Hartford in 1650; and that they took care to receive him with all possible marks of respect. We find, among the Holland documents, a mem-

---

* N. Y. Col. MSS. Holland Doc. IV.

† Vertoogh van Nive-Neder-Laud Wegheus de Gheleghentheydtxyz. 14; Col. Doc. I. Hist. N. Y. Knickerbocker, Vol. I.

oir* in which the writer complains bitterly that all the arbitrators, on this occasion, were English or friends of the English, and that, in this affair, they pulled the wool over the director's eyes. Certain it is, that Peter in this instance departed from that manner of acting which has won him his title in history, by so far yielding as to present to their High Mightinesses for ratification the treaty respecting the boundaries, drawn up at this convention. Meanwhile, however, pending the ratification of the treaty, the Governor of New Haven in 1653 made bold to purchase from the Matinekocks, and others, about six square miles of the territory adjoining *Syosset*. This included in fact the whole of *Caumsett*, but the Indians denied their having had any intention of thus including their little peninsula, and accordingly, in 1654, they bartered it definitively to a party of Englishmen from Sandwich, who took advantage of the troubles which distracted the country to seize so attractive a spot. With all the usual formalities, the peninsula was handed over by *Ratiocan*, Sagamore of Cow Harbor (now called North Port) to Samuel Mayo, Daniel Whitehead, afterwards representative for Queens Co., and Peter Wright.

Real estate in those days was far from being at so high a premium, as it is now; and the price paid for this neck of over 2849 acres was 3 coats, 3 shirts, 3 cuttoes, 3 hatchets, 3 hoes, 2 fathoms of wampum, 6 knives, 2 pairs of stockings and 2 pairs of shoes. Here, however, the modern historian is bewildered by one of those difficulties which frequently beset his path, viz.: the discrepancy of contemporary writers; for while the author of the History of Long Island affirms the price to have been, as we have stated above, the historian of New Netherland maintains that the consideration

* Memoir on the Boundaries of New Netherland, by Adriaen van der Donck, translated from a notarial copy in the Royal Archives at the Hague, HOLLAND DOC. VI.

paid for this tract, was 6 coats, 6 kettles, 6 fathoms of wampum, 6 hoes, 6 hatchets, 3 pairs of stockings, 30 awl-blades, 20 knives, 3 shirts, and as much *peague* as will amount to £4 sterling. This, too, he claims to have gathered from the General Records of the Court of New Haven. Whilst the second edition of the History of Long Island mentions quite a new catalogue of domestic implements, putting the price, besides 6 coats, at 6 bottles, 6 hatchets, 6 shovels, 10 knives, 6 fathoms of wampum, 30 muxes (eel-spears), and 30 needles. Amid such conflicting testimony, and at this late date, it is hardly possible to arrive at any degree of certainty respecting the point at issue. All we can say is that some coats and some wampum, for in this all agree, formed part of the price; but the rest, all our distinctions of conjunctively, or disjunctively, or distributively have failed to reconcile. But the bargain was not settled yet.

The Grand Sachem of Long Island, *Wyandach*, by name, envying, no doubt the coats, bottles, needles, etc., received by a subordinate chief, denied the right of the *Matinekocks* to dispose of this piece of land, and in 1658, the original buyers, fearing perhaps the validity of their tenure, sold out to one Samuel Andrews; and this time, the Grand Sachem, whom a few trinkets had probably soothed, confirmed the sale on the 14th of May of the same year. There is another item, however, which we must not pass over in speaking of the sale of *Caumsett*, that is the loss of its old Indian name.

The ancient astronomers, we know, leading a pastoral life, as they discovered new wonders in the heavens and appropriated to themselves, so to speak, these starry meadows, very naturally adopted the names of the familiar objects around them to designate their new acquisitions; so that in the words of Chateaubriand: "In the skies were discovered ears of corn, implements of agriculture, virgins, lambs, nay, even the shepherd's dog": in a word they "wrote the an-

nals of their flocks among the constellations of the zodiac."* So it was with the pastoral colonists and early pioneers of the New World. *Caumsett* was far too barbarous an appellation for these simple, matter of fact Englishmen, and as, on account of the fine pastures in which the peninsula abounded, droves of horses were daily led from Huntington to prance and revel amid its luxuries, it came in a short time to be known as Horse Neck, and took its place as such, among the rural districts of Cow Neck, Cow Harbor, Hog Island, Bull Run, &c. The new name in this case, though it might have been more elegant, was certainly appropriate; for besides the circumstance alluded to above, whence, strictly speaking, this favored spot derived its name, it would not require a very strong effort of imagination to discover in the very shape of the peninsula, a resemblance to a horse's head and neck. Thus it was that *Caumsett* disappeared from the geographical charts of those days, and as it had fallen into Christian hands, received also a Christian name.

But it was not destined to retain this happy appellation very long. The neck, after passing through several hands from 1600 to 1678, came on Oct. 17, 1679, into the possession of Mr. James Lloyd of Boston, who being entitled by his wife to a part of this tract of land, purchased the rest from the executors of one of the former owners, and thus became its sole proprietor. Real estate within the short space of twenty-four years, had risen with gigantic strides, and Mr. Lloyd was obliged to count out in hard cash some £200 sterling. Naturally enough, the name of the owner, after a time, became connected with the estate. Horse Neck was heard of less and less frequently, till it gradually died away entirely, and Lloyd's Neck arose in its stead.

---

* Genius of Christianity, Part I. B. IV. C. 3.

Meanwhile, the rule of their High Mightinesses had passed away before the grant of King Charles II. to the Duke of York, and the cannon of Governor Nicolls, who compelled the chivalrous Stuyvesant to surrender New Amsterdam and its environs. In evacuating the country, the defeated but not subdued Dutch, went not alone; the very names they had given, many of them at least, were forced to follow them into their exile. As Andromache had bestowed, on a scanty rivulet of Epirus, where fortune had cast her, the name of Simois, the noble river of her own dear Troy, and had built

> "Parvam Trojam, et simulata magnis
> Pergama,———"*

so our good old Dutch ancestors had lavished on their possessions in the New World, though so far below the mighty originals, the names of their own loved Fatherland, thereby to deaden the pains of voluntary exile, and lull themselves into the sweet deception that they were still among the scenes of their childhood. But they were gone! gone, despite so long a tenure of the soil, and, as is so often the case with office-holders, on the entrance of a new party into power, their places were filled by young pretenders of foreign extraction. Thus New Amsterdam had yielded to New York; New Netherlands became an echo of the past; Long Island was called Yorkshire by Governor Nicolls, "it being the true and undoubted inheritance of His Majesty,"† and even our little peninsula received a new name, when in 1685, it was, during the administration of Governor Dongan, an Irish Catholic, erected into an independent manor, the only one in the county, and honored by the truly English title of Queen's Village.‡

---

* ÆNEID, B. III. † N. Y. COL. MSS. III LONDON DOC. I.

‡ It is worthy of note that this same Governor Dongan was accused of being under the influence of foreign Jesuits, and of acting, in accordance with their crafty insinuations. LON. DOC. VI. We are not surprised at

The independence it thus acquired, by a stroke of the Governor's pen, was not of long duration. Lloyd's Neck, or Queen's Village, lay on the very borders of two rising towns, Oyster Bay, and Huntington, and of two ambitious counties, Queens, and Suffolk, a tempting prize for both. In 1691, the die was cast. Forego it must its freedom, and henceforth consider itself as belonging to Oyster Bay. Though the privation of its independence was a severe blow, it was compensated, we think, by the fact that it now formed part of Queens Co., so famous for generosity and patriotism. It was only some days ago, that in searching among dusty records and in huge folios for details of the history of Lloyd's Neck, that we came across some of the newspapers, published during the old French war, in which the praises of Queens Co. are recorded. The following is a specimen: "Jamaica, Sept. 5. 1755. This day, 1015 sheep, collected in three days in this county were delivered at New York Ferry, to be sent to Albany by water, which were cheerfully given for the use of the army, now at or near Crown Point. While their husbands at Great Neck were employed in getting sheep, the good mothers in that neighborhood, in a few hours, collected nearly 70 good large cheeses and sent them to New York to be forwarded with the sheep to the army." That the sheep and accompanying cheeses were not the refuse of the farm or dairy, but were selected with truly patriotic feelings, is attested by the acknowledgement dated Oct. 10: "Your sheep" it says, "were seasonable and highly beneficial to the army

---

this, for, since he had raised into an independent manor, an estate, a part of which was, some two hundred years later, to be occupied by the descendants of these very Jesuits, is it strange that he should be accused of collusion with the members of the Society? There are many charges found in some histories called reliable, and based on much slighter grounds than these.

in general. Your cheeses were highly acceptable and reviving, for, unless amongst some of the officers, it was food scarcely known among us. This generous humanity of Queens Co. is unanimously and gratefully applauded by all here. We pray that your benevolence may be returned to you by the Great Shepherd of human kind, a hundred fold, and may those amiable housewifes to whose skill we owe the refreshing cheeses, long continue to shine in their useful and endearing stations,

Your most obd't & obliged Serv't.,"

Wm. Johnson.

Queen's Village, then, might henceforth claim a share in these praises; but Huntington, the rival of Oyster Bay, had not yet given up all thoughts of this flourishing little neck; it hoped still to call it its own, and continued to encroach on its territory until 1734, when the line of demarcation was finally and definitively traced.

Though the winds that rustled so sweetly among the noble trees of Queen's village, were loaded with no evil forebodings of war, and the clouds

"In thousand liveries dight,"

that attended the setting sun, seemed still to speak but of peace and repose, still the storm was fast approaching; those placid waters were to be ploughed up by armed vessels; those peaceful echoes which had heretofore learnt to repeat nought but the sweet notes of the many-kinded warblers of these solitudes, or, at most, the dull surging of the waves on the idle pebbles of the beach below, were to be forced to shout back, from rock to rock, the loud booming of cannon and the groans of the dying and wounded.

At the breaking out of the revolution, many loyalists who found Connecticut and the neighboring colonies too warm for them, had crossed the Sound, landed at Lloyd's Neck, and there built an earthen fort, about 100 feet square, to protect themselves against surprise. Our spot had to

pay dearly for this change of masters, and the noble trees, that grew so luxuriantly on its banks, ceased to cast their shadows on the quiet waters, by being ruthlessly hewn down and sent as fuel to the English army, around New York.

In 1780, the French fleet, under the command of Count de Barras, arrived to infuse new vigor into the American troops, and anchored near Newport. Having received no orders to enter upon the more important field of action, the Count determined to occupy his squadron, by dislodging from Lloyd's Neck the nest of loyalists, who committed many depredations on the surrounding country. Accordingly, he despatched, for this service, three frigates with 250 land troops, the whole, under command of Baron d'Angely. The detachment sailed on the 10th of July, and was joined in the Sound by several boats of American volunteers and pilots from Fairfield. They entered Huntington Harbor and effected a landing on the Neck, on the morning of the 12th.

We searched high and low, among the numerous histories of those times, for a full account of this engagement, but it seemed to have been totally disregarded by contemporary historians. Washington simply alludes to the fact, in a letter to Count de Barras, dated Head Quarters, Dobb's Ferry, 21 July, 1781, in these words: "Although the detachments from your fleet, under the command of the Baron d'Angely did not succeed at Huntington, we are not the less obliged to your Excellency for directing the attempt to be made. If that post is maintained, I think an opportunity of striking it to advantage may still be found, and I doubt not but you will readily embrace it. I have the honor to be etc."

We were on the point of abandoning all hope of obtaining a more detailed account of the affray, when we were favored, by the kindness of the Superintendents of Astor Library, with a sort of scrap-book, presented by one Onderdonck, an aged inhabitant of Long Island, and in which

were carefully arranged cuttings from the newspapers of olden times. Here, to our great pleasure and surprise, we found the most circumstantial description of the battle of Lloyd's Neck, accompanied by an accurate diagram.

We give the extract almost in full, though it repeats something of what we have already said, hoping thus to rescue from oblivion so important and interesting a document of colonial times.

"During the Revolutionary war, the British took possession of Lloyd's Neck, and erected a small fort there, for the protection of wood-cutters, who were mostly refugees from New England. The Neck, at that time, was covered with the finest and largest growth of timber imaginable, some trees growing to the height of 40 or 50 feet, before putting forth a single branch. The refugees gained a livelihood for themselves and their families by cutting down these noble trees for firewood, and sending them to New York, where fuel was in great demand for the use of the King's Army, cantoned there during the idle hours of winter.

"The Americans had made sundry predatorial attacks on this peninsula by night, and carried off some property and prisoners, but on the arrival of the French fleet at Newport, it was concluded to fit out a more formidable expedition, in hopes of exterminating this troublesome nest of refugees.

"The expedition failed as to its main object, from an ignorance of the real strength of the post, and of the localities, but it resulted in alarming the enemy so much that they soon after abandoned the place.

"This affair, on account of its failure, is not described in any history of the revolution, and is barely alluded to in a letter of Washington. Such must be my apology for giving a sketch of it from memory, as it was detailed to me by an eye-witness, William Ludlam of Hog Island, who lately died at a very advanced age.

"Mr. Ludlam was not a Whig, but owing to his quiet dis-

position, continued a loyalist during the Revolution. His goodness of heart, however, would not allow him to harm any human being, friend or foe. He was just grown up, at the time of the American defeat at Brooklyn, Aug. 30, 1776, and out of mere curiosity walked down to the battle-field, saw its dead, lying as yet unburied, and the ground itself covered with the scorched paper of the cartridges.

"But I am digressing from my story. One fine summer day, in 1845 I crossed in a boat from the pleasant village of Oyster Bay to the residence of the venerable man. He was somewhat dull and careless at the first few questions I put to him, but when I spoke of olden times and of the Revolution, the tears came into his mild and somewhat bedimmed eyes; his voice faltered; I had struck a tender chord, had reminded him of the days of his youth—of troublesome times. In a few moments he recovered himself, and as the recollection of times long past came to his mind, his conversation took a cheerful and spirited tone. He related anecdotes and adventures of all kinds. 'Come,' said he, taking his cane and his broad-brimmed hat, 'let us go to the Hill, and I will describe to you the attack by land and water, which the French and Americans made on Lloyd's Neck. I saw it with my own eyes as I was binding wheat sheaves in my harvest field, just sixty-four years ago.'

"When we had reached the top of the hill, 'Here', said he, pointing with his cane across the bay to the heights just opposite, 'here was the fort, built to protect the wood-cutters, and used also as a depot for hay and straw, which was collected from the adjacent country and shipped to New York. The French fleet landed a party of 250 men, on the side of the neck that fronts on Huntington Harbor; these were to attack the post in the rear, but they got bewildered coming up, and when at last they reached the fort, they found it better defended than their spies had led them to expect. In

fact the guns had been mounted, only the day before! So unexpectedly did the refugees discharge their grape shot, that the French, who had neglected to bring any artillery, at once retreated, leaving behind them some surgeon's instruments, lint, bandages, port-fire etc., and the ground, besmeared with blood.

"At the same time with the attack on the rear of the fort, and to draw off the attention of the British refugees, a French sloop of war hove to in front, in Cold Spring Bay, but could bring only one gun to bear on the point of attack.

" 'Meanwhile the main body of the French fleet, after landing the men near the entrance of Huntington Harbor, had sailed further in, and attacked some English vessels that had run for shelter into the small creek which forms the peninsula. A portion of the crews on board the English ships had already landed, and mounted a few guns in battery on a slight rising ground not far from the shore, by which they hoped to keep off the French shipping. In this they succeeded; for as soon as the French Admiral was apprised of the failure of the attack, on the land side of the fort, he, at once, abandoned the attempt, sailed to a preconcerted spot, took on board his defeated marines, and returned to Newport, saying very little about the expedition. Paragraphs were of course put forth in Rivington's Royal Gazette, as a terror to the rebels, and an encouragement to the king's loyal subjects.' "

Thus, we see, that Lloyd's Neck was not after all so unimportant a place as the Historian of the New Netherlands seemed to insinuate, when he remarked that "Oyster Bay was not worth fighting about." In fact one of the officers stationed there shortly after this engagement was Prince William Henry,* son of George III., then in the Royal Navy, and afterwards King William IV.

---

*Prince William Henry was the first of those royal personages who, either through necessity, when treading the paths of exile, as the royal fam-

Thompson, in his history of Long Island, tells us of another revolutionary episode, connected with Lloyd's Neck: how, in the earlier years of the Revolutionary War, Sir Henry Clinton directed a small party of refugees to start from Lloyd's Neck, cross the Sound, and, if possible, make a prisoner of Major General Silliman, who had just been appointed by the Governor and Council of Connecticut, superintendent of the coast of Fairfield. They set out accordingly, nine in number; one was left in the boat, eight went to the house. About midnight, the inmates were awakened by a violent assault on the door. The General sprang from his bed—attempted to fire upon the assailants, but his musket only flashed. No time was lost; in a few moments, the daring boatmen were once more crossing the Sound, the illustrious prisoner by their side. As may be supposed, Colonel Simcoe, the commanding officer at the Neck, received them with great joy. Such personal thefts were not uncommon, during the war. And soon after this exploit on the part of the British, the Americans crossed over from the Connecticut shore, in one of those stout whaleboats which formed the entire navy of which the Americans

---

ily of Portugal, or from choice, as Louis Napoleon, the Prince of Wales, and lately, the Grand Duke Alexis, have visited our American shores.

The reception the young prince met with at our hands in 1782 was not indeed so flattering, as that tendered to our last royal guest: the truth is, that a very uncivil plan for capturing him was formed by Capt. Ogden of the 1st New Jersey Regiment, and approved of by Washington. Happily for him, the plan, though very near being successful, did not effect what was intended: but the Royal Midshipman, "the Sailor King," as he was popularly called, on account of his early predilection for the naval profession, knew full well, that the failure of a first attempt would not damp the ardor of the daring Continentals, and hence, after a stay, at New York, of only a few months, he started for the West Indies. In 1789 he was created Duke of Clarence, Earl of Munster; and, at the death of George IV. ascended the throne, as the Fourth William. He died in 1837, and was succeeded by his niece, Victoria.

could then boast, and purloined a certain Hon. Thomas Jones, from his home near by, in order to be able to exchange him for Silliman.

During all this time, the proprietorship of Lloyd's Neck had passed from father to son in the Lloyd family. The grandson of the original purchaser lost his share of the little peninsula, by confiscation, as he espoused the cause of the King during the war. This part, however, was repurchased by his nephew, John Lloyd, and thus kept in the family.

When the storm of war had passed over and peace again smiled on the now independent colonists, John Lloyd returned to his home, on the Neck. But this pleasing spot had, as is generally the case, suffered much by becoming famous. As time wore on, however, the stately trees once more sprang up; the moss began to creep over the foot-worn rocks; the tender blades of grass, little by little, succeeded in blotting out the remaining vestiges of the soldiers' tramp around the Fort; the green ivy, mantle of eternity, began to weave its glossy leaves over the shattered or fallen trees; and even the echoes learnt to forget the jarring sounds of strife, and once more found pleasure in telling of the bleating of sheep and the deep lowing of cattle. One feature, however, was gone: the noble Indian no longer figured among the grand objects around; and even his frail canoe was seldom seen on those waters, where thousands of "winged sea-girt citadels" usurped the peaceful domain of the deep.

Thus Lloyd's Neck remained for years, till in 1871 a part of it, comprising some 44 acres, and known as the "Fort Hill property" again changed hands, we trust for the last time, and became our present Villa.

The fort is exactly in front of our house, and, at this late date, reminds one rather of a peaceful orchard, a quiet retreat for birds, than of a battle-field for contending armies,

as numbers of fruit-trees have grown up, within the enclosure. We have, however, begun to restore it to its former war-like appearance, and all that is wanting now are a few cannon to mount on the parapets. It may not be long before we come across these relics of the revolution, as some excavations we have made, have brought to light old cannon balls, and thus led us to believe that the cannon themselves and other treasures too, may come next.

But be this as it may, one treasure, at least, we have found in our country house, and that is health and repose, after the year's labors. "Hither," in the words of our late lamented and humorous Father Monroe, "may the mathematical and classical teachers, weary of extracting and dissecting square roots, Greek roots and others still more old fashioned, come and find relaxation, in digging parsnips, turnips, and, if it comes to the worst, potatoes. Hither, may the pastors and assistants, after conducting their flocks into healthy pasturage, come and themselves browse on greens and salads. Hither, may the missionary, tired of throwing his net for men, come, and, like St. Peter, returning to his old trade, fish for perch and soles. Hither, in fine, may the Superiors come, and leaving all care behind them, find leisure and relaxation, to prepare for the labors of the ensuing year."

All these visitors, will not, alas! find that variety of rural pastimes, in which the first occupants of our soil were able to indulge. The whales, which used to be taken in numbers, off the Island, in days of yore, abandoned the coast as early as 1717, or have dwindled down in these degenerate days, to tumbling porpoises, which enter our secluded bay by thousands.* The beavers, whose furs formed so valua-

---

* The departure of the whales is officially announced, in a letter from Governor Hunter to the Lords of Trade, dated, New York, July, 17, 1718, in which he complains, that the perquisites, arising from his patent, "co-

ble an article of trade, became fewer and fewer, as years rolled on, and most probably migrated, in large numbers, with their families to the more congenial climes of Canada.

Had our forefathers been more scrupulous in following the prescriptions enjoined by the act, passed in 1726, by the assembly at New York, "for the more effectual preservation and increase of Deer on the Island of Nassau," we should have such game too, to offer to the aim of the marksman; and perhaps even bears, which paid an occasional visit to Long Island, as late as 1759.*

At present, however, the largest wild animal is the sprightly squirrel, or the rapacious rabbit. But we are far from complaining: nature has left us enough to satisfy the most exacting; and could we but recall to their once secluded haunts the former denizens of these forests, it would not be that we might destroy them, but solely, that we might behold, in the wild grandeur of bygone days, the charms and beauties of Fort Hill.

P.

---

gnoscendi de Piscibus Regalibus, Sturgeonibus, Balenis, Cœtis, etc., are so inconsiderable, that .... I would not have written one single letter about it, ... these fish having, in a manner, left the coast." NEW YORK COL. MSS. VOL. V. LONDON DOC. XXI.

* The last one, of which we found any mention, in these parts, is thus spoken of, in the N. Y. Gazette of Nov. 26th 1759: "On Sunday week, last past, a large bear passed the house of Mr. S———, on Long Island, and took to the water, at Red Hook, attempting to swim across the bay; but he was shot by one of the inhabitants." Scrap Book, Astor Library.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF FATHER F. X. KUPPENS, S. J.

GRAND RIVER, DAKOTA TERRITORY,
JUNE 18, 1871.

Last Monday, I arrived at the house of two Frenchmen, MM. Louis and Adrian Egat, brothers, who have been some thirty years in this country, are married to Indian women, and speak the Indian tongue with great facility. I was received with all possible marks of respect. On the next day Mr. Louis volunteered to accompany me to the camp of a Great Yancton chief called "Two Bears," where I might stop a few days, to become more familiar with the language and explore the field of future labors. When we approached the camp, we were met by "Two Bears" himself, and two minor chiefs of his tribe. Permission to stay a while with his people to learn the language was politely but coldly granted me, and I was introduced into the lodge of my host. This mansion I saw gaudily decorated with paintings of bears, eagles, buffaloes, tomahawks, pipes, houses, men, etc. After smoking a pipe which passed from mouth to mouth according to the rules of Indian etiquette, the chief deigned to explain to us that all his people had gone forth from the camp to prepare for a solemn dance in honor of the Sun; that there was not a single squaw left to unsaddle my horse: so he proposed that we should all remount and ride together to the scene of the celebration. As the Indian nations are fast disappearing from the land, and in a few years, or at most, a few generations, this peculiar people with its strange

manners and observances will be found only in the history of the past, I think I am rendering a service to students of history by observing and recording whatever strange customs fall within the sphere of my observation.

The scene I was about to witness was one of the strangest I have ever beheld. True it does not contribute much to edification, unless perhaps it should rouse within us fresh sentiments of gratitude to our good Lord, who, by his painful life and death has freed us from the disgusting superstitions, of which these poor savages are still the slaves

After riding about three miles, single file in the woods, all abreast on the prairie, we arrived at the place of the meeting. There we beheld a most motley crowd of gaudily dressed men and women old and young, the decrepit and the sturdy warrior; mothers with babes at their breasts, and on their backs; all adorned with beads, ribbons, strings and feathers. Many were engaged in twisting leaves and branches in their hair, crowning with verdant wreaths, their brows, necks, arms, breasts, waists and legs; others were ornamenting their horses' manes, necks and tails with the most extravagant profusion of green. Medicine men and warriors were meanwhile haranguing in loud tones, but no more than a dozen hearers paid any attention to them.

At length an outburst of universal applause announced the great news that the tree around which the dance was to be performed, had been discovered by certain superstitious signs. It was a crooked tree some thirty feet high, with trunk some six inches in diameter. But soon there appeared a general feeling of embarrassment. It was found difficult to comply with the ceremonies required. For such is the respect which even the savage has preserved for the virtue of virginity, that, for some sacred rites, none but those who have preserved it intact are admitted. Such were to stand by the tree while it was cut down by the warriors. But such is the degradation of these people, who

have never been strengthened by the Sacraments that no young men presented themselves who could claim the honor and the profits attached to it. This condition had to be dispensed with in the case of the young men; the two maidens, however, who were required for the same purpose had been better protected by the modesty, characteristic of their sex even among barbarians.

A speech from a medicine man summoned four braves, one from each of the four winds, to stand with the youths at the side of the tree, each on that side on which he had slain most enemies. Then followed a series of minute details of ceremonies, so scrupulously performed, as to make one ask himself, "Do I practise such exactness in all the sacred rites of our holy religion?" v. g. the medicine man takes the hatchet, raises it to the sun and prays aloud. He gives it to the first maiden, she hands it to the first young man, he to the first warrior, who raises it to the Sun, proclaims his own bravery and invokes new blessings. He raises the hatchet to strike the tree—strikes,—awful crying accompanies the action on the part of the women; but the hatchet is stopped within half an inch of the bark; a second and a third similar stroke are feigned; similar, only more doleful and deafening wailing accompanies each. These ceremonies are repeated at each of the four sides of the tree. Finally the maidens cut it down, the braves carry it to a chosen spot—no others can touch it under pain of death—it is planted in the centre of the camp, a shade is formed around it with green branches. The dance is performed by such warriors as have vowed on previous occasions to go through this extremely painful ordeal. It is offered up in honor of the Sun, but not as if the Sun were the supreme deity; even in the dance the great spirit is invoked before the Sun. From the latter they believe they receive life, health, etc., but how far it is distinct from the Spirit, and how far inferior, I have not been able to learn even from the interpreter.

The dancers now emerge from a blue tent, ten abreast, all attired alike—a curiosity in Indian life. They are dressed in buckskin from their waists down, with the gayest eagle feathers about their heads, beads and tin trinkets about their necks, smeared all over with a kind of blue paint, their cheeks painted red, with a circle of white spots around their eyes. I will not stop to tell you of the various movements and halts made before the tree is reached. At length the dance begins. Some thirty men armed with drumsticks gather round the drum, and all beat together. Sometimes I thought the drum would split, but it held out to the end. The drumming is accompanied with wild singing. Each song lasts about five minutes, during which the dancers keep jumping as if they felt themselves bound to shake every bone in their body: ankles, wrists, waists and necks undergo all sorts of contortions, while the feet keep time to the tones of a bone flute, which each of them holds grasped between his teeth. After each song there is an interval of about three minutes, during which they can sit down and have two or three puffs at the pipe; then up and dancing again. At the time of our visit, this lasted the remainder of the day and through the whole of the following night.

What a pitiful spectacle met my eyes in the morning! There were those poor victims of superstition dancing yet like maniacs, though their legs scarcely supported them through fatigue and exhaustion. From the moment the tree had been found, they had tasted neither food nor drink. Still onward, dance they must for many hours more. Whenever one comes near a prop, he cannot help for a moment hanging his head against it. Still there is no thought of giving up. Now that the sun is risen, they are obliged to come frequently from under the shade, and stand with faces turned to the sun. Heat increases the fatigue, their breasts heave painfully, and their lips are parched. At half

past eleven, one at length falters; he can stand it no longer but must have a drink. This is brought him, but he is to pay a packhorse for it. Another, a while later, pays three horses for a drink, a morsel of food, and leave to retire.

At length, when noon has come, the most painful operation begins. While the dancers are so exhausted that they seem momentarily on the point of falling down, the chief medicine-man steps forth and with a knife cuts two gashes on the back of each one's shoulder blade, then thrusts his finger into the gashes and passes a string through the flesh, to which he fastens a dried buffalo head, which dangles from the shoulders of the nine remaining dancers. Now they are to dance again till the weight of the heads has caused the strings to cut through the bleeding flesh from which they are suspended. What relief I felt, when at last the heads one after another had fallen to the ground!

But all was not over yet. They are now cut on the upper arm and with a rope ten feet long fastened similarly to the tree. At about 2 o'clock P. M. they had danced themselves loose and the ceremony was concluded. Alas that all this suffering is not undergone to gain an eternal crown! If converted, these men would not shrink back at hearing these words, "Regnum cœlorum vim patitur et violenti rapiunt illud."

LETTER FROM FR. PONZIGLIONE TO VERY REV. FR. O'NEIL.

Osage Mission, Neosho Co., Kansas,
December 31, 1871.

Very Rev. Father Provincial,

P. C.

According to custom I must send you an abridgment of my missionary excursions during the last six months; not that I have anything very interesting to record, but merely because, as the old poet has said, "forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The 4th of July is wont to be a day of general jollity, especially in these far Western districts, and very frequently it is accompanied by the excesses of intemperance. To prevent these evils we make use of whatever expedients we can devise. Thus, for instance, this year we looked upon the day as a holy one, and announced that we would have mass at one of our missionary stations, 8 miles East of this mission, at the head of a small stream called Hickory, where a little chapel was built one year ago. This chapel, which goes by the name of St. Aloysius, was put up for the convenience of a few French families, who settled around that stream a little over one year ago. The building of this small chapel, in a very short time, drew together a strong Catholic settlement. The chapel was raised on a high ground in the centre of a very extensive prairie, and could be seen for two or three months flowering, as it were, by itself alone, showing to all the cross that stands on its front gable. But very soon a house was built here, and another there, and in a short time, in less than a year, the whole district was taken up by Catholic families, each claim hav-

ing an actual occupant: so that the Building, which for a few months was very ample for the congregation, is now too small and hardly sufficient for a school-house. Here we kept the 4th as a holiday. I had a large number of confessions and holy communions. Several good old Frenchmen sang at the High Mass in pure Gregorian style, so nicely, that for a moment I imagined myself back in some parish church of my native Alps.

Some Americans who were roving around, noticing so many people surrounding our Church thought, that no doubt, there must be good dancing going on, and came in with the intention of joining in the feast. You may imagine what was their surprise, when they saw all the people kneeling down and praying most fervently. Just at noon the Mass was over, and half of the day was passed without mischief; the balance of it went on quietly and soberly.

Our Rt. Rev. Bishop, John B. Miege, having at last two new priests at his disposal, sent them to us, that we might station them in some of our missions. So one of them was placed by Father Philip Colleton at Baxter Springs, and charged with the care of Labette, Cherokee and Crawford counties, besides a small part of the adjacent Indian Territory. The other was placed by me at Cottonwood Falls, from which place he will attend all the stations established on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe rail road, from Emporia in Lyon County to Wichita in Sedgewick County. This arrangement was made during this summer, and gives us more time to attend to the great many people still entrusted to our care in the western part of this large state of Kansas.

On the 18th of September, I left for one of my missionary excursions north-west of this place. And first I directed my course to the Verdigris River, visiting all the Catholic settlements I have formed from Greenwood City up to the very sources of this river. According to my custom, having

stopped at one of the stations to have Mass the next morning, I went around inviting all the neighbors to come and assist at it. Among those I visited there was one, who had been, for over a year, on very bad terms with the owner of the house in which I was going to celebrate the divine Sacrifice. I felt quite sure that this man, in all probability, would not comply with my invitation; yet I spoke to him in general, as if I knew nothing about his circumstances, and insisted on the necessity of complying with our Christian duties, and passing over the defects of others. Imagine what a joyful surprise it was for me, to see this very man come with his wife on the next morning, to see him approach Confession and Communion—a thing which he had neglected to do for a good while -- to see him stand as God-father for the child of the very one to whom, the day before he would not have spoken!

From the sources of the Verdigris, I passed to those of Eagle Creek, to visit a Catholic settlement not far from Elmondaro in Lyon County. This settlement is composed of Germans. They gave me a cordial reception, and on the next morning all came to their duties. As they are only 15 miles from Emporia, where hereafter there will be a Mass celebrated once in the month, I told them that this was my last visit, and that in future they must depend on the other priest for spiritual attendance.

I now turned my way towards Eureka, the county seat of Greenwood County. I had to travel some 40 long miles, and night overtook me on a very large and high prairie, dividing the waters of the Verdigris and Fall Rivers, and as the nearest house was 6 miles distant, I had to put out on the green grass, which was plentiful and offered excellent food for my horse. The moon was most brilliant, and the stars seemed to be invested with new brightness: no tree, no bush, no rock was in sight, or could be found in the neighborhood of at least 4 miles. Fortunately I had an

iron pin and a long lariat with me; this enabled me to secure my horse for the night. All was silence around me, and I sat down to eat my supper, which consisted of some dry bread and fruits. I found both very good, and by no means heavy on my stomach; my mind felt very light and free. Had I been a poet, that would have been a good moment for inspiration. As I was rather fatigued, I lay down wrapped in my blanket, and passed as comfortable a night, as if I had been lying on a feather bed.

At the dawn of day I was up, aud seeing that all was right about my horse, I thanked God for it, and having taken my breakfast, which was as frugal as the preceding supper, I was again on the way about sunrise, travelling along through those interminable prairies. Towards noon, I reached Eureka. This is a beautiful little town at the confluence of Spring Creek and Fall River, numbering perhaps 1500 inhabitants: of these only some twenty are Catholics. As it was Saturday, I lost no time, but went around visiting the people and inviting them to Mass for the next morning (the 24th of this month and the XVII. Sunday after Pentecost). I had the pleasure of offering the first Mass that was ever celebrated in Eureka, and commenced a missionary station in this town also.

Hearing that some 7 miles west, there was a girl who was very sick, I went that very day to her house; and next morning, after reading Mass in her room, I administered to her the last sacraments. The poor girl was so badly off that she could hardly move or speak. Her sickness, however, had not been her greatest trouble. What had caused her most uneasiness was the thought that she was likely to die without receiving the last sacraments; and she had daily prayed to God not to let her leave this world without the consolations of Religion. God granted her what she had desired. She could not get a messenger to call on me, but God himself sent me to her. Her faith was so great,

that, with the grace of the sacraments, she also received the health of the body. She recovered and in a few days was able to start for the state of Wisconsin, where she is at present.

From her house I took the way that leads to Eldorado in Butler County and stopped on Bird Creek, 3 miles east of that town to say Mass for the few Catholics of that locality. This settlement is very small and poor, but the faith of the people forming it is great. All answered to my call, and went to their duties, including an old woman. who, for a long time had been ashamed of professing herself a Catholic. She, at last, came and brought with her a child to be baptized. She acknowledged to me that she never neglected to say some few prayers to our Blessed Lady, and it was to her she attributed the grace received of overcoming herself on this occasion. Nothing is more consoling for the poor missionary, in these wild countries, than to meet with some of these stray sheep coming back to the fold of the Lord.

From Bird Creek I passed without further delay to Eldorado. Here I found some new Catholics, but very few, so I did not stop long, but proceeded to the junction of Walnut and Turkey Creeks. On the 27th I said Mass at the usual station, and from thence descended to the confluence of the Walnut and the Whitewaters, where a small but interesting town, called Augusta, is springing up. No regular station has yet been established here; but I hope that I shall have one next spring; for several Catholic families came of late to settle around this town. Previous appointments did not allow me to see them at this time. Leaving Augusta, I took an old Indian trail going directly east, and after nearly two days of a fatiguing and lonesome journey, through a hilly and rocky prairie, I returned at last to Fall River the last day of this month, and on the next, which was Sunday, I had the pleasure of celebrating the feast of the Rosary in St. Francis Regis' chapel, between New Albany and Coyville.

Some business requiring me to go as far as Burlington, in Coffey County, I directed my route thither; then pressing along the Neosho in a homeward course, I stopped to pass the second Sunday of October at the sources of a small stream called Pecan, where we have a Scotch settlement—all very fervent Catholics. They felt exceedingly rejoiced at having an opportunity of hearing Mass. That very day I returned to this mission.

On the 6th of November, I again got on the western trail and came to New Chicago, a town in the northwest corner of this county. As I had been repeatedly invited by some Catholics of this place to come and pay them a visit, I could not but be well received by all. My visit came quite unexpectedly and at a rather unfavorable time; for it was the evening before the annual state elections, an occasion of general excitement. Yet the next morning, I had a good attendance at Mass. It was the first Mass ever offered in this town, in which we now established a new missionary station.

Though a very heavy rain continued falling almost the whole of that day, I travelled some 20 miles through an immense prairie, which divides the waters of the Neosho from those of the Verdigris; and the next day I reached Fridonia, where, having visited the Catholics scattered here and there, I read Mass for them, and left for New Boston in Howard County. Here, however, I cannot help noticing a most remarkable fact which took place in the Catholic settlement around Fridonia, because it shows how great is the efficacy of prayer and especially of the most holy Sacrifice.

The Catholic settlers of these extensive prairies being few are not seldom abused by their Protestant neighbors. Now it happened that one of our Catholics, having taken a claim whereon to live in peace with his family, his Protestant neighbors determined to rob him of it, and of course to save appearances, they tried to carry their point by intrigue and treachery. For this reason two of the conspirators went to

the land office in Humbolt, to enter the claim of the Catholic — who by the way is a very pious Alsatian. Fortunately he discovered their trick, and started also the same day for the same place, to see whether he could succeed in saving his claim. Both came to camp in the woods near Humbolt that same night, without knowing that one was not very far distant from the other. Morning having come the good Alsatian, hearing the bell of St. Joseph's Church calling for Mass, thought that he never would have good luck that day, unless he first went to Church. So he came to St. Joseph's, and Mass being over went to the land office to see about his claim. Just imagine his surprise, when asking whether anybody had been there that day from Fridonia, he learned that the two men in question had been in early that morning, and had entered and paid for a piece of land. The poor Catholic hearing this, resigned himself to his fate, and concluded that it was useless to talk any longer about the matter. Yet the thought struck him that, perhaps, some error might have happened in the recording; and so he kindly requested the Receiver to let him see the description of the land entered. Upon inquiry it was found that the two conspirators, who wanted to enter the claim of the Alsatian, had made a great mistake and had entered and paid for the land of another man, who was their partner in iniquity! In consequence of this, the claim of our friend was saved. He gave thanks to God in his heart, and without losing time, he entered his own claim, paid for it, and secured it for good! It is useless for me to tell you how happy the man felt on returning to his family. O how glad he was for having followed that inspiration of grace which called him to Church that day!

On the 11th of November, I reached the small town of New Boston, situated in the centre of Howard County. This town which commands a most beautiful position was started last May by a Catholic colony of young men from this mission, and since then has been gradually improving; a small Catholic Church will soon tower over it.

As it was Saturday, I sent word all around to the Catholic settlers to come to Mass the next morning, the 12th instant. Though the day was a very bad one, on account of the rain that came streaming down from heaven, still we had a tolerably good attendance.

About noon on the 13th the rain having stopped, I took up my course on the east bank of the Canis. The wind was very chilling and I suffered a good deal on that account. At last, after two days travelling, I reached the Osage Reservation in the Indian Territory, south of Kansas. The country now occupied by the Osages on Canis, (or little Verdigris) is a very nice one. For this reason the white settlers begin to crowd around it, and a great many claims have already been taken on this land, in spite of the protests made by the Indian Agents. The squatters on Indian lands have long since got used to such protests; and they know well that they amount to nothing.

As the Osages were now all after Buffaloes on the far west, I gave all my attention to the half breeds. I remained with them some 7 days. Though the weather was very bad by reason of the continual rain, and the creeks all very high, I nevertheless went around the best way I could through the settlements formed between the junction of the two Canies and the Agency, a distance of about 20 miles. I said Mass in different places to give all an opportunity of approaching the Sacraments. Some, I am happy to say, did comply with their Christian duties, but the majority did not. This made me feel quite bad, for these people almost all have been educated at our mission, and used to be good and practical Christians as long as they lived in our neighborhood. But since they fell under the care of Protestants, they seem to have forgotten all our good advices. Still, as they continue to acknowledge themselves Catholics, and refuse by all means to join the Protestants who govern them, I hope that the good seed which we have sown in their hearts will yet begin to grow and some day produce its fruit.

Since my last visit to this settlement during last summer, several have died, all wishing very much to have a Priest to assist them; but in vain! both on account of the great distance from one settlement to another, and on account of our many engagements in this boundless country, so much settled by Catholics. In the death of one of them God has given a lesson which I hope will produce some good. N. N. had, nearly two months since, been married to a young girl, an Osage half-breed, who had been educated at the Sisters' Convent near this mission. They were married in this town, but not in the church; I do not know for what reason they acted in this way. Now, when last May I went to visit them on the Canis, I told the young man, that he had done wrong, and I wished to settle the matter between him and his wife; for I knew his conscience could not be satisfied. So I advised him to come and have his marriage blessed and put an end to the scandal he was giving to his neighbors. He replied that I certainly was right, but he was not then prepared to follow my advice, but that he would be so when I would return to visit them in the fall. I merely answered that the future was not in our hands; and seeing that I was losing my time with him, I left the place. The poor young man died almost suddenly on the 20th September, without giving any sign of repentance. Had he followed my advice!

The grace denied to this one was, it seems, reserved for another, who according to all appearances, was doomed to die without any assistance of the Church, and who nevertheless, had all that one can wish for in this respect. Peter Chouteau, one of our best Osage half-breeds, had, since the beginning of November, been very sick at his residence on the Verdigris, near Morgan City, Montgomery Co., and feeling that he was getting worse, he sent a messenger to this mission, requesting our Superior, Father John Shoenmaker to come to assist him. But the good Father was

not only left alone here at the time, burthened with the care of a large congregation, but was moreover in very bad health, and quite unable to travel so far. So the messenger returned to the Verdigris, telling the sick man that there was no chance of getting a priest. Peter felt very sorry on hearing this; "yet" said he, "give me my prayer-beads, I will hold them till I die!" and after a while he added, "still I hope that the Mother of God will not let me die, without having the consolation of receiving the last Sacraments!" This happened on the 19th of November; and just two days after, late at night, I came to his house. Nobody had called on me; all I knew was that he was very sick and had sent for a Priest; and could only conclude that either Father J. Schoenmakers, or Father Philip Colleton had come to see him. So I did not hurry on the way, neither could I have been able to do so, had I wished; for the creeks around me were all unfordable on account of the great rains we had had of late. It was only on the 21st that I could leave the settlement on the Canis. Peter's mind had now become very weak; he was raving frequently, always asking whether the Priest was coming. I came at last, and when I approached his bed he was in full possession of his mind and recognized me. Think for a moment how happy he felt! He pressed my hand and said, smiling, "I knew I would have the consolation! O the Mother of God has always been good to me!" I told him to have courage, and that next morning I would say Mass for him and administer to him the last Sacraments. To this he replied; "O Father, this is all I want." Next morning very early, I hastened to say Mass, at the end of which I gave him the holy Viaticum, and all being over, I anointed him. It was really edifying to see with what devotion he prayed, and answered to the prayers we recited around his bed. The satisfaction he felt at having received the last Sacraments seemed to help him considerably, and he looked

better. As I had no time to delay, I started as soon as I could for this mission; but the cold was so severe, that after having travelled some 34 miles I had to stop, and so did not reach home till the next day about noon. On the 24th (only two days after) Peter Chouteau died the death of the just. He had always been a good practical Christian, and God did not forsake him in his last hour. May he rest in peace!

This was my last missionary excursion of this year, and it was a very hard one, on account of the bad weather, which accompanied me through the whole of it. During this last month we were delighted with the fervor and devotion shown by the good Catholics who surround this mission, both on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and on that of Christmas.

Our school is prospering more than ever it did before. The boarders number 50 and the day-scholars over 180. The Sisters of Loretto have also a large number of girls attending their schools. We have indeed a flattering prospect before us. We are only 3 priests and are attending over 5000 Catholics, scattered in this far West, over a territory of more than 200 by 100 miles in extent. Indeed we have reason to say, "messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci."

Your humble servant in Christ,

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

FATHER J. U. HANIPAUX.

Joseph Urban Hanipaux was born in the parish of St. George de Dougueux, in the diocese of Langres, on the 3rd of May, 1805, the feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, and was baptized the same day. His truly christian parents brought him up in the love of piety and the practice of virtue. At an early age and whilst engaged in his studies, he felt himself called to the ecclesiastical state. Obeying the divine call, he entered the seminary, and at the close of his theological studies, was raised to the priesthood on the 22nd of April, 1829. During seven years Fr. Hanipaux zealously applied himself to the discharge of the various duties entrusted to him by his bishop; and in their fulfilment deserved and obtained the esteem and confidence of those who were brought in contact with him.

But his aspirations had been to a more apostolic life—to a closer imitation of the divine Model. Again obeying the call of grace, he asked and obtained admission into the Society of Jesus, entering the novitiate on the 20th of February, 1837. In this school of virtue he had for Master the Rev. A. Rubillon, and under the guidance of so enlightened a director he inured himself by the practice of obedience and humility, to walk manfully in his vocation. At the same time that he edified his fellow novices by his virtues, his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls was developed and perfected. Immediately after taking his first vows, Fr. Hanipaux was sent to Nantes, where he was applied to the work of giving missions. Here as elsewhere, his labors were productive of the most consoling results. Though not possessed of brilliant oratorical powers, Fr.

Hanipaux, by his earnest piety and burning zeal found his way to the hearts and overcame the obstinacy of the most hardened sinners.

But he longed to be sent on the foreign missions, and in 1842 made an application to Rev. Fr. General for that purpose. He was ultimately successful in his request, though thwarted in his first plans. For he was on the point of starting, in the company of Fathers Luiset, Martin, Duranquet and Grimot, for Madagascar, when an unforeseen accident or rather the hand of Providence interposed and led this little band of Missionaries to another and not less fertile field. Fr. Hanipaux and his companions were sent to found a new mission of the Society in Canada. In pursuance of this plan, the first residence was established in Montreal. Fr. Hanipaux now gave himself up to the impulses of his zeal; and when, after two years, he was sent on the Indian mission, his departure was deeply regretted in those parishes which had been the scene of his labors.

About this time Dr. Power, the first Bishop of Toronto, desiring to revive the missions established by Fathers Lallemant and de Brebœuf, but long since abandoned, applied for members of the Society of Jesus to carry out this plan. Fr. Hanipaux was one of those selected for the purpose. Passing through Sandwich in Upper Canada where a residence had just been opened, he proceeded to Great Manitouline Island. In company with Fr. Chone, he established his headquarters at the Mission of Holy Cross, known also by the Indian name of Wilwemikong, a village of the Ottawas, already partly evangelized by the zealous missionary Mr. J. B. Proulx.

Without knowing a word of the language, which resembles no other, but placing his whole confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus and in prayer, Fr. Hanipaux, who in two years had been unable to pick up a few words of English, could in a short time instruct, and hear the confessions of the Indians in their own language.

Fr. Hanipaux had now attained the object of his eager longings. His zeal knew no obstacle. In fact, at times, it seemed to border on rashness. But knowing that he was in the hands of the Almighty, he faced every danger, in pursuance of the one object he had in view, the Glory of God and the salvation of souls. Nothing could deter him when there was question of gaining souls to God. Neither the inclemency of the season, nor the difficulties of the way, could impede him in the pursuit of this object so dear to his heart. Whether to penetrate the trackless wilderness, or to navigate lakes and rivers made dangerous by hidden rocks or headlong rapids, or to traverse the same when covered by no less treacherous ice—or to climb rugged mountains, or to pass swollen torrents—his zeal was unabated; he recoiled before no difficulty, but placing his trust on high, sped on his way rejoicing. At times forced to sleep on the snow, being at other times on the point of famishing from want of food, he felt amply repaid, when after a journey of extreme hardships, he was able to announce the glad tidings of the truth to some poor neglected Indians. Then heedless of repose, he applied himself to alleviate the wants of these poor creatures—his time was spent in consoling, baptizing, preparing them for death. Having attended to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants of one village, he hastened off to another to recommence the same labors, or returned to his mission of Holy Cross to take charge of his little congregation and his schools. His return was frequently hastened by the necessity of opposing by his presence and influence the efforts made to destroy the good that God had wrought among these poor Indians. For he had to maintain a continual struggle with those who strove to pervert his neophytes. and to draw them away from the path of duty. His presence and advice strengthened the wavering and consoled the more steadfast. He inspired children with the love of piety, youth with modesty, and the more aged with fidelity to their duties. It was from

the Sacred Heart of Jesus that he drew his strength—it was devotion to this Sacred Heart that enabled him to accomplish so much for the good of souls.

He was beloved both by his Superiors and inferiors. The Sodalists of Holy Cross wrote to him after his departure from among them, testifying their gratitude and filial love. One of his fellow-laborers writing about him, says that Fr. Hanipaux was alone worth two missionaries; another relates the grief and lamentations of his poor Indians and their longings to see him once more among them. But this affection can astonish no one—as he loved them all with the tenderness of a father.

But Fr. Hanipaux was forced to leave his spiritual children, never more to see them on earth. Twenty-seven years of endurance and toil had told on his vigorous frame, and undermined his health. To enable him to enjoy some needful rest, his Superiors called him to the residence of Quebec. He arrived at Montreal last autumn and at Quebec on the 30th of December. The best physicians of these two cities were forced to acknowledge that his sickness admitted of no cure—and their charitable efforts were henceforth employed to lengthen out his life.

For the six months preceding his death there was no decided improvement in his health—nothing but a succession of days of more or less suffering. He gradually lost the last remnants of his once vigorous constitution, until he seemed to be sustained only by his energetic will. He desired to labor up to the last, and for this purpose he at times concealed his sufferings, till it became impossible to do so any longer. Despite his habitual weakness and suffering, he asked, on his arrival at Quebec, to have a confessional assigned him, and there he remained as long as the good of souls required, and his failing strength allowed him. He rose, as a general thing, with the community, made his meditation and said Mass. During the last week of his life he was so feeble that it seemed almost impossible for him

to finish Mass. But his indomitable energy and strength from above bore him through. His devotion prompted him to choose to say Mass in preference at the altars of the Sacred Heart and of St. Joseph. He might be seen several times every day kneeling in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Being no longer able to work for the good of souls in any other way, he poured out continued and fervent prayers for their conversion. His great zeal became manifest whenever he heard of the good accomplished by others. When told of what was being done for the glory of the Sacred Heart and in honor of St. Joseph by the Archbishop (Taschereau), and the pastors of Notre Dame, St. Roch's and St. John's, of the continual development of the *Apostleship of Prayer*, and of the Association of our Lady of the Sacred Heart, his heart was gladdened and seemed to acquire new vigor. But alas! his ever decreasing bodily strength did not equal the ardor of his zeal—perhaps even this interior fire helped to consume his mortal frame.

But the month of St. Joseph had now come. Three novenas to this great Patriarch and Patron of the Church were begun at the same time; one for Fr. Hanipaux, one for the Society of Jesus and one for the faithful. The good Father united himself to all these intentions—offering up to God through the hands of his holy Patron, the sacrifice of his life.

On the 12th of March he desired to receive the Viaticum during the night. His sufferings were intense up to 7 o'clock P. M., when the prostration of his bodily strength was complete. He told a Father who was by him at the time: "I shall die at midnight." At a quarter to eight, he requested that the prayers for the agonizing should be said, in which the good Father himself joined, making the responses with great piety. An hour later, with his brethren who surrounded his bed, he recited the customary prayers, and finally, those of the novena.

At midnight, March 12th, 1872, Fr. Hanipaux expired without agony—and retaining complete possession of his faculties up to the last. He seemed to have been spared long enough to enjoy the consolation of dying during the month and novena of St. Joseph, his holy Patron—and on a Wednesday, a day consecrated to this great Saint — and as he had ardently desired, in the midst of his brethren. Two weeks before his death, when the good Sisters of Charity offered him a room in the hospital, that he might be better taken care of, he answered: "No. I desire to die in the midst of my brethren."

The mortal remains of Fr. Hanipaux repose in the vault of the Cathedral, near the new chapel of St. Joseph and not far from the tombs of two of his brethren in religion, Fr. Nicholas Point, and Fr. Jno. Bapt. Menet.

MISSION AT ST. IGNATIUS', MOUNTAIN, ADAMS CO., PA.

None who are familiar with the history of the "Book of the Exercises," need the convincing proof of its present miraculous effects to be persuaded, that rather to the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost than to the unlettered soldier of Pampeluna does it owe its origin. To the unction diffused by the Spirit of God through every page, must be ascribed the numberless conquests made by this "golden book" from the time when Christ's ministers first wielded so potent an arm in the rescue of souls, down to the days in which we live. Nor has our own land of America, eminently a missionary region, been the last to feel its benefi-

cial influence. The tendency to materialism more strongly developed here than elsewhere, the want of a sufficient number of priests to break the bread of life for Christ's little ones; the scarcity of churches, especially in rural districts; the distance of Catholic families from those who can administer the Sacraments; the unchristian and infidel surroundings, as well as the immoral tendency of literature, have all served to weaken Catholics in their faith, to wean them from the practice of their duties, and, in not a few cases, have even led to an entire renunciation of religion. But when a mission is announced, grace seems to invade the souls of many of these wanderers. Great efforts are made to be present, and daily experience shows that this correspondence to grace, joined with a faithful attendance, have resulted in a return to the path of salvation, so long neglected. The following details concerning one of these missions given by a Father of the Novitiate, Frederick, Md, at the little church of St. Ignatius, half way between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, Pa., although they cannot engage the attention by reason of any miraculous events, will, at least, prove the all-fostering care of that Heavenly Father, who loves his "little ones" as the "apple of his eye."

The church was built in 1817, by Fr. Marshall, who, shortly after its completion, died on the Atlantic, during a voyage undertaken for the recovery of his health. The site of the church, perched as it is on the top of the Blue Ridge, seemed one but little favorable for the success of any mission which might be given there. The rough mountain roads, which lead to it, in themselves sufficiently wearying, are rendered doubly fatiguing on account of the constant ascent, an ascent which has to be conquered by parishioners who live at a distance of from one to ten miles. These difficulties however did not prevent the little edifice from being filled every morning by a crowd which remained the whole day, the exercises closing at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At about 6 A. M., you might have seen from twelve to fifteen mothers with their little ones, gathered around

the stove in a little room adjoining the church, having set a praiseworthy example to the stronger residents of the place, by walking three or four miles before sunrise (for the mission takes place about the middle of October!) in order to be in due time to commence the exercise. On the very day the mission was opened, several young men presented themselves to the Father who was to give the retreat in order to ask his advice. "If we come to the mission," said they, "we'll lose our employment, and if we go to our work, we won't be able to attend the retreat!" The Father recited the rosary with them to obtain light from heaven in regard to their course of action. Enlightened and strengthened by their prayer, the young men unanimously agreed that no temporal interest should prevent them from attending to what had so important a bearing on the more important one of eternity. They resolve, for that week, to discontinue their ordinary employments, in order to engage in the exercises of the retreat. I ought to remark in this place, that the felling, sawing and transportation of timber furnishes the laborers of this vicinity with their principal means of employment. The Father having learnt that work was not pressing at the time, since the saw-mills had been obliged to suspend operations on account of the dearth of water, no rain having fallen for four months, told the young men to promise their employers, that they would "*pray for rain.*" This they did, and although, on informing those for whom they worked of their determination of attending the mission, they were allowed to withdraw, their promise to "*pray for rain*" was received with not a few incredulous smiles. God, however, who is so ready to reward any act of simple faith or self-sacrifice on the part of his creature, was not deaf to the petition of those who had shown so generous a compliance to his own interior call. On the 4th day the rain-clouds discharged their wished-for contents in abundance! Nor should one circumstance connected with this answer to their prayer be passed over in silence. The shower did not commence until all were in the church, and

the rain continued until 4 o'clock, P. M., when the sun breaking forth with all his wonted warmth and splendor, enabled those in attendance at the church to reach their respective homes without any great inconvenience.

On the evening of the 2nd day, it was the parish priest who expressed his fears to the father that the mission would have to be interrupted by some. "To-morrow is election-day," said he, "and the men are anxious to cast their votes, although they do not like having to lose the instructions. But they cannot help doing so, since the polls are eight miles from here." Matters, however, were soon arranged. The men were enabled to fulfil their duty as citizens, without neglecting their more important one of Christians. Instructions for that day were anticipated by nearly an hour and a half. At about 10 o'clock A. M., one hundred men march in procession from the church to the polls; cast the momentous vote; dispose of the light meal they had brought with them; and once more formed into rank, march back to the mountain church, and assist at the remaining duties of the day—beads, a sermon and benediction. There are some things certainly remarkable in this little mission, which proved so perfect a success. Not a single individual belonging to the church of St. Ignatius failed to present him or herself at the tribunal of penance, and afterwards to receive the holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. In the beginning of the exercises great doubts were entertained of some seven or eight who had not passed the threshold of the Church for years, and who were generally regarded as having outlived their time of conversion. The father, having been apprised of the deplorable condition of these hardened sinners, recited the beads twice a day with the congregation, that the blood of Jesus Christ might obtain for these unfortunates the grace of awakening to a sense of their dangerous condition. *At the end of the third day, not a soul was wanting.* All repaired their past misdemeanors by a contrite confession, and received the pledge of salvation at the Holy Table. During the course of the mission, all who had made their

first communion were placed under the immediate care of our Blessed Lady by being invested with the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. At the close of the retreat, a mission cross of solid oak, 20 feet in height, was erected in front of the Church. After the ropes and pullies, which were to raise it to its station, had been adjusted, the father would not allow any man to take part in this performance, but, by his orders, the boys of the congregation, seizing the ropes, hoisted the cross into its proper place. Thus in after years they can direct the attention of their own children to the "Cross of the Mission", which they themselves had raised as boys. Perhaps I have, already, taken more of your space than I can justly claim for these simple facts, and I will not add to them some others regarding the mission, which can serve to swell the contents of another No. of the "Woodstock Letters." Certainly, it can not be unprofitable for those who are yet young in the Society to learn to look at the labors of those already bearing "the heat of the day"; and to see with what blessings God crowns their efforts for his Glory; whilst those who are girded to toil of a kindred nature in other portions of the Lord's vineyard, cannot view without interest the exertions of their brothers in Xt., who are animated with the same spirit as themselves.

J. B.

LENTEN MISSIONS, BY THE FATHERS OF THE NOVITIATE, FREDERICK, MD.

Novitiate, Frederick City, Md.
April, 7, 1872.

Rev. and Dear Father,

P. C.

Our missionaries have at length returned "portantes manipulos suos" and your request is to be complied with. But first let it be said in extenuation of the somewhat meagre account that ours are not accustomed to notice many things, which would be noticed by others, either because they are the natural accompaniments of a mission, or because, looking to the main purpose, that is, the confession and communion, they regard all other things of minor importance and hence lose sight of them altogether. Again, the usual result of all missions, which is the triumph of God's grace in the conversion of the sinner and the return of many who had, Prodigal-like been long away from their Father's house, is so much the same that when one mission is recorded, the others may be easily known; the only difference being in the number of the congregation to which it is given. This premised will give you some consolation in your possible disappointment.

The first mission was in our Church here. There was much apprehension that this would prove a failure, as not a long time had elapsed since the last mission and our Fathers thought there would be somewhat of apathy, especially as the court was being held at the same time and a most important case was to come up for trial, in which the sympathies of almost the whole County was enlisted. The inclement weather also threatened to keep many away. But this our good God turned aside until the close, and it

was noticed as strange for the season that so many comparatively good days succeeded one another. There were about 450 communions with a little over 100 confessions of children who had not yet made their communion, but were instructed daily by one of the Fathers, who had chosen that as his special part of the mission. Many miracles of grace were among this number, and even after all was over it continued to act: "my word shall not return to me empty." One instance of divine Providence must not however be omitted. It was of a cold Catholic, immersed in temporal business, who did not think he had time even to go once a day to the instruction. He had been many years away from his duty, and had in consequence of his affairs no inclination for the ordinary duties even of a Catholic. It was however so ordained by God that his business took him one night just by the church, and hearing the preacher, he felt induced to go in for a few moments. The subject was the return of the prodigal. So apposite to his own condition was the parable, that the application, aided by grace, changed him entirely, and he immediately hastened to go to his father and recover the stole of innocence he had lost. Since then he makes up for the wasted time by a faithful and constant attendance. Only two of the missions dependent on Frederick were evangelized this lent and nothing specially worthy of note happened. As usual a number of prodigals returned and the good were confirmed in the way of salvation. They are particularly noted for their regularity. In one however where no mission was given we have to record the conversion, baptism and first communion of two estimable protestant ladies, who married to Catholics and attending Church, whenever it was given, had for many years kept back from professing the faith of their husbands. Touched at last by grace they abjured in the hands of the venerable Fr. Mc Elroy their errors and made their first communion on Easter Sunday.

Two missionaries were sent to the neighboring missions of Winchester and Harper's Ferry in Virginia. The grace

awakened many Catholics from their torpor and the good pastor was gratified far beyond his expectations, as he found he had more souls under his care than he was aware. In Winchester over 150 and in Harper's Ferry over 250 went to communion. Two circumstances in these places deserve to be noted. The first was that all, but especially the children were invited to pray every day in common for those who through long resistance to grace had rendered themselves unworthy of favor. The result of this, we may justly ascribe, was the great number of those who had been for years away from the Sacraments now returning. Many indeed were not known to be Catholics even by their most intimate acquaintances. The second was the holy pride which seemed to animate them with respect to their religion. For among the crowd gathered to hear the word of God, there were many protestants and even ministers of various denominations, to whom by their attention and eagerness to avail themselves of the benefits offered, the Catholics seemed to show how much superior in everything was their religion. Indeed such was their fear of losing anything that was said, that they did not notice the cold that was streaming through the open doors of the Church, and the pastor had frequently to advise them to close the doors for the benefit of all.

The crowds came from ten and twenty miles around; although there was snow and frost sometimes so deep and bitter that it was a real work to get to the Church. It was a great consolation to the Fathers in their labors to see the eagerness of those who wished to be reconciled to God.

The same consolation awaited the three Fathers who were sent to Martinsburg, where the number of Catholics was much greater. The eagerness of the people to hear continued unabated the whole week and the consequence was that over 900 confessions were heard and more than 800 approached holy communion. Although no controversial sermons were preached, there were 8 converts, of whom two were baptized and the remainder left for instruc-

tion to be baptized in the beginning of May. The number of those who returned after long years to their Mother, was very great, and in some there was a generosity that bordered on heroism. Some scandals of long standing were repaired, and some who had seemed to lose all faith, were recalled again to a new life. One of the Fathers who had preached strenuously and whose voice was weakened and throat ulcerated had to begin another mission immediately. Fearful of the consequences he promised a novena for the souls in purgatory, if he should be able to go successfully through the second mission, and his prayer was granted; for his throat seemed to be in suspense until he had finished, when the soreness again returned and gave him an opportunity to confirm in himself the good advice he had given to others.

Two others, all we had to spare, were sent to St. Paul's Church, Worcester, Mass., the result of whose labors after ten days was 3805 confessions, which were no doubt increased to 4000 and more before the close of the week. The same eager desire to avail themselves of the mission was manifested here, and a great many were brought to confession, who had been away for a long time. What perhaps made this superior to the others was that the winter was at its height still while the mission was going on and yet there was not the slightest diminution of attendance. Unfortunately the Fathers were too busily occupied in reconciling the adults to find time to do any thing particular for the young. All they could do was to represent to the parents the necessity of fulfilling their obligations and to impress upon all the duty of working well for their salvation.

This includes only the missions given during lent. There were other missions to congregations, students in colleges and academies, monasteries and priests, during the year, in which much good was done. Our good Fr. McElroy, old as he is, is not idle in this good work, having given ten retreats to religious houses, besides preaching single sermons to congregations, wherever he chanced to be.

LETTER FROM FLORISSANT.

NOVITIATE OF ST. STANISLAS,
NEAR FLORISSANT, MO.
FEB. 19th, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

In the first number of the Woodstock Letters reference is made to a church in course of erection on our premises. It is completed now, and furnishes a few items which may prove interesting.

For thirty years back and more, this neighborhood has been inhabited by a class of old Canadian settlers or Creoles, harmless indeed;—for violence and theft, and even drunkenness, are almost unknown among them, and no police is ever required;—but they are rarely seen in any Church, except on occasion of a funeral, a baptism, a marriage or the yearly first communion of the children. These are what some call the four sacraments of the Creoles. This however is scarcely fair; for they have a lively faith in the last sacraments too; and come galloping in the middle of the night, just in time to get a priest before the patient expires, except when they happen to come too late.

The chapel to which we used to invite them, had few attractions, it being the second story of an old frame building, while the village church of Florissant was between three and six miles distant from most of their dwellings, rather far for their slumbering piety.

Such was the population, for which some of our most zealous Fathers had labored assiduously for many years, whether as novices, as tertians, or in other capacities. It would have been quite appropriate to ask, "Can any good come from Stringtown?" for this was the euphonious name of the locality.

Meanwhile the Messenger of the S. Heart used to come month after month to tell us of the constant stream of graces flowing from that loving Heart, especially when cases seemed desperate before. Our confidence was awakened, and many a month this neighborhood was recommended in the pages of that esteemed publication. Then there occurred an unexpected change for the better. Kind Providence sent us one of our Fathers, who succeeded in gathering an unusually large audience at the devotions of the Month of May, A. D. 1869. Fervor was enkindled. To perpetuate it, a Society of the Rosary was established, which more than doubled the number of monthly communions. The next year the Apostleship of Prayer was added, bringing down a new shower of graces. Soon a desire was felt to build a little church. But where was the money to come from? The neighbors were mostly poor, and spoiled in this particular; for they had never been called upon to contribute for religious purposes. It was not supposed that $500 could be collected from the faithful.

However, during the last months of May and June, prayers were asked in the chapel, and the subject was recommended among the intentions of the Messenger, that our good Lord and His holy Mother might provide the funds. We were immediately and abundantly heard. In June a subscription list was opened, a somewhat larger circle than the immediate neighborhood being taken in, and, in a few months, a very neat country church has been built, furnished and paid for, costing over three thousand dollars. Protestants and Catholics have shown equal good will on the occasion. Every one is both surprised and delighted.

The church was dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. The next point was to fill it with worshippers. This blessing, too, its Holy Patroness has obtained. A mission, though preached under disadvantages, has made the people familiar with their house of prayer: its forty-six pews are all rented, and attendance on Sundays is very satisfactory. Some fathers of families, who, it was generally known, had

not frequented the holy sacraments for many years, have done so now, and have become edifying Christians. In fact, the enthusiasm at the concluding ceremony of the mission was so great, that the unedifying name of "Stringtown" was, in honor of the church's patroness, Our Lady of the Rosary, changed to that of "Rosarytown," which is now the received appellation of this locality. As soon as a post-office will be established here, it will be Rosary P. O.

I am, Rev. and Dear Father,

Yours in the Sacred Hearts,

C. Coppens, S. J.

ST. JOSEPH HEARS THE PRAYER OF THE POOR.

Cincinnati, March 12th, 1872.

Rev. and Dear Father,

In times of scarcity and dearth, the Little Sisters of the Poor are often among the first to feel the effects of want. And, when these generous givers are themselves needy and empty-handed, what must become of the aged beings who depend upon them, unless they be furnished with food and raiment by the same kind providence that feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lilies of the field?

But God delights to extend the mantle of His solicitude over His little ones and to reward their child-like confidence in Him. The following is one instance among many, that He has made them His special charge. Though but indirectly connected with the labors of the Society, this little

incident may, perhaps, find a suitable place in the "Woodstock Letters." For the favor was dispensed by the hands of St. Joseph and cannot fail to increase our devotion to him.

Coal has been very scarce here this winter. Owing to the low water in the Ohio River, the supplies from Pittsburgh were cut off for a time; moreover, several barges, after arriving safely at the levee, snapped their moorings and were sunk or dashed down the stream by the floating mass of ice. This soon came home to the hearths of many a family. For fuel became very dear, and the cold meanwhile was uncommonly severe. The poor might be seen along the newly-raised roads and highways picking up the stray cinders scattered here and there upon the ground.

Towards the end of February the "Little Sisters" had also exhausted their supply of coal; and having no earthly resource, they addressed themselves to St. Joseph, the Treasurer and chief Procurator of the poor. On the 26th of Feb. they began to offer up prayers, prefaced with the intention "To St. Joseph for some coal." The Father who attended them, had listened to this petition which was read out aloud every day at Mass; and, not hearing it the succeeding week he inquired of the Mother Superior: "Why have you discontinued your prayers for coal? have you lost courage?" He was answered by the recital of the following facts:

On the previous Thursday (Feb. 29th), after praying so fervently to St. Joseph for four days, they were reduced to extreme distress. There was only a mere coating of slack and broken coals on the floor of the cellar, and the fires could not be kept up sufficiently to warm the shivering limbs of age. The Superioress, finding herself forced to seek instant relief for her little community, summoned all its members together to recite the Rosary in common. They did so with great piety. And, when afterwards the Sisters conversed with the aged inmates, it was edifying to witness the good spirits manifested in the countenances and good-

humored jests of all. "Maybe", said one, "St. Joseph knows that it is the 29th of February, and he don't wish to help us on a leap year day." "That's very true," chimed in an old woman, "and to-morrow is the first day of the month of St. Joseph: let us have patience till to-morrow at all events." "Sure and we will; nobody would refuse to humor St. Joseph that much," added an old Irishman in a shrill-toned voice; "but," said he, "if he don't help us to-morrow, he deserves to be lodged in the cellar himself." This outburst of geniality satisfied all, and they separated quite contented.

But Friday passed away; and in spite of their fervent Novena the coal-cellar remained as empty as before. But they were determined to overcome St. Joseph at all hazards, and in their simplicity they carried out the suggestion made the day before. They took the statue of St. Joseph to the cellar and left it there as a pledge, insisting that the saint would surely redeem it. And so the statue spent Friday-night in the coal-cellar. Yet St. Joseph did not mind that either; for Saturday morning came, but no coal. It was the 2nd of March, and the Superioress took a surer means of prevailing on the Saint.

One of the inmates is an old blind woman, who is very pious and constantly engaged in prayer. This good creature was told to go to the Chapel and pray for the Community all day, with the injunction that, if she did not obtain some coal from St. Joseph, she would have to keep him company in the cellar on Monday. She did as she was ordered: she prayed hard and overcame St. Joseph, who appeared, up to this time, to have been deaf to all appeals. When called for dinner to report on the prospects of success, she replied: "'Tis all right;—we'll get coal." That same evening a boy came with the message; "Mr. Spencer will bring you a *hundred bushels* of coal; he wants you to make ready to receive it".

The trap-door of the cellar was opened, and from above the coal-cobs poured down on the floor in abundance, while from the door opposite the old folk bore off the statue of

St. Joseph in triumph to the Chapel. No doubt they must have consoled their Protector for his imprisonment, by lighting a lamp in his honor and offering him the tribute of their innocent hearts.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

We are indebted to Rev. Father Healy, S. J., of Georgetown College, D. C., for the following interesting and edifying details extracted from private letters kindly placed by him at our disposal:

NEGAPATAM, DEC. 4th, 1871.

* * I received your letter two days ago. How many old memories it stirred up! * * * Our dear noble-hearted Du Coudray! What frightful things—what pages for history! And still the tragedy has not drawn to a close yet; but it may perhaps be ended before these lines reach you. But our hopes are with the Church and with God. And you of the New World, do you always go on with gigantic strides? * * * Here in India, Protestants were loudly proclaiming the downfall of the Church, especially after the humiliation of France. But, in fact, we are making steady, not perhaps very rapid progress, and practically Protestantism itself finds out every day more and more that Catholicity is advancing. This is shown by new foundations springing up everywhere, by the more prominent position of our Vicars-Apostolic, and by a growing liberality and respect on the part of Government. At Calcutta our Belgian Fathers have a college which can successfully cope with the most flourishing of their schools. At Bombay they are fast getting the upperhand. * * * We, though somewhat out of the way, are *the* Catholic Institution of the Presidency; and

yet we have nothing but natives and have to contend with many difficulties. * * * * In the latter part of October we had a visit from the Governor of Madras, Lord Napier, a Puritan, as he remarked with a smile, who has been treating us as even a Catholic would have done. * * * On that occasion we gave him an evening entertainment; the comedy and music especially were good. To see the natives act their parts in the play, and sing European music as they did, took all by surprise; and the whole affair was a real triumph for the college.

* * * * * But let me tell you something worthy of note which happened here lately. As I was walking through one of the streets my attention was attracted by a crowd which had gathered around a large man holding in his arms a little girl under ten years of age. The poor little creature had just been bitten by a cobra; from her mouth a long gluey drivel was oozing which hung in strings or meshes down to the very ground—it was evident that she had but a few moments to live. I asked them if they wished me to do anything. Yes, they said, to cure her. I told them that I had no other remedy at hand than to bless her; should I do so? Yes, by all means. The snake, they said, had bitten her hand; they wished me to bless the hand. I called for fresh water. A Turk ran into his house near by and brought a basin of water. I took the child's hand, washed it thrice in the form of a cross, pronouncing meanwhile the prescribed formula!—Quid de Baptismo?—Unfortunately, perhaps, the child recovered soon after, and the people attributed it to the blessing. I must now see to her being brought up a Catholic.

NAMUR, MARCH, 16, 1872.

* * * I must now tell you of an event which has given us much consolation here, and which ought to be made known for the honor of our Blessed Lady. One of our young students, about fifteen years of age, had been suffering from a putrid sore throat; the gangrene had gradually poisoned all the blood in his system, and the physicians pronounced

the case hopeless. In fact the poor boy was at the point of death ; all remedies were powerless and no hope was entertained of preserving life until even the close of the day. At about two o'clock we brought him some water of our Lady of Lourdes, which he drank. Almost immediately a copious discharge of gangrened matter found vent through the nostrils. A marked improvement in the patient's condition resulted ; he grew better rapidly and in a short time completely recovered. We had offered fervent vows, and all the students had prayed earnestly for this favor ; their gratitude was expressed by a general and fervent communion on the following Sunday.

D. O. M.